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JAPAN IS PREPARING to establish what will amount to a protectorate over China. A manifesto has been drawn up and copies have been placed in the hands of the Japanese Ambassador in Washington and other diplomatic representatives abroad and also, it is said, in the hands of the Nationalist Government in Nanking. The manifesto, described as "a restatement and clarification" of Japanese policy toward China, declares that the Japanese will hereafter "object" to the extension of foreign loans of a political nature and of military aid to the Chinese. Assistance from foreign countries "in the fields of economics and commerce" will not be objected to, "provided this does not disturb peace and maintenance of order in Eastern Asia." The recently resurrected spokesman for the Japanese Foreign Office added, however, that economic and commercial aid so often has political results that it will be difficult for the Japanese to distinguish between such assistance and political loans. Moreover, he intimated that Japanese "objections" would be forcibly sustained whenever necessary.

STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICIALS have suggested that advance reports of the manifesto have been deliberately allowed to leak out of Tokio for the purpose of serving as a "trial balloon." If other Powers show clearly that they are displeased or disturbed, the manifesto may never be officially published. Elsewhere it is suggested that Japan has adopted this aggressive attitude toward China for the sake of using it for bargaining purposes at the forthcoming naval conference, much as its occupation of Shantung was used at the Washington conference of 1922. Unhappily, both of these views overlook a salient point in the Far Eastern situation. The proclamation of a protectorate over China would be but the logical sequence of Japan's historic policy. The domination of China has been Japan's objective for decades. It was revealed in the seizure of Korea, the Russo-Japanese War, the occupation of Shantung, the infamous Twenty-one Demands, the intervention in the civil wars of the last decade, the conquest of Manchuria, and the invasion of China proper in the vicinity of Peiping and at Shanghai. Every move has been a step toward further control. It is ridiculous, therefore, to dismiss this latest threat to Chinese independence as a mere trial balloon or as a straw man set up for bargaining purposes. Great Britain has sent a note to Tokio protesting against the Japanese position as a violation of the Nine-Power Treaty. It is to be hoped that other countries, including our own, will take similar action.

FRANCE HAS DECREED the expulsion of Leon Trotzky. At this writing it is not known where he may find refuge. If France refuses to give him shelter, it is unlikely that any European country will do so. The sensational "discovery" by the police of his hiding place (where he had been expressly permitted to live by the French government), the "revelation" that he was plotting the creation of a mysterious Fourth International (although the Fourth International has been announcing its existence to the full extent of its modest lung power ever since it was organized last summer), the demands of excited deputies that he be "driven out like a dog," all have served to make his problem of asylum more acute. It may be true, as Louis Fischer asserts on another page of this issue, that Trotzky is dead, but it is evident that the capitalist governments of Europe do not believe it and are unwilling to risk even a few feet of their soil for so lively a "political corpse." His power in Russia is undoubtedly gone; his chief followers have recanted; his new International so far comprises an insignificant handful of anti-Stalin Communists. But his unrelenting demand for revolutionary struggle in all countries, even in the face of the apparently inevitable fascist sweep, is destined, we believe, to provide an important focus for the revolutionary sentiment which still exists—the more so if the nationalist preoccupations of the Stalin Government continue to weaken the internationalism of the Third International. In an article to appear next week, Elliot E. Cohen takes violent issue with Mr. Fischer's interpretation of Trotzky's place in the world revolutionary movement.

AS WE GO TO PRESS, it appears likely that the South will, after all, not secede. Hostilities have been averted by General Johnson's administrative order restoring Southern wage differentials in the coal fields. Rage over the Administration's earlier effort to terminate the sectional differences in wage rates resulted in a virtual strike on the part of

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Southern operators, and the situation became so acute that both General Johnson and the President were forced to back water in order to restore peace. But again, as in the automobile settlement, peace has been restored by surrender to the threats of big business. Certainly neither a logical nor an economic excuse exists for the large differentials established in the coal code. The prices of necessities vary in no such ratio between North and South. The difference is primarily a difference in the standard of living rather than in the cost of living; and the differential results merely in a discrimination against Southern labor. Moreover, it interferes with one of the chief announced objectives of the NRA, namely, the wiping out of competitive advantages derived from low standards of pay in certain sections of the country. The Administration might with equal logic abrogate the child-labor clauses in the codes. The only legitimate wage differential would be one based strictly on differences in living costs; but this would be difficult to establish and harder to adjust in relation to constantly changing price levels. It is almost certain that the principle of differentials will be generally applied to other codes to the detriment of living standards and to the disadvantage of employers operating on a higher wage level.

AFTER nearly a year's delay the NRA has finally withdrawn the "We Do Our Part" emblem from the Harriman (Tennessee) Hosiery Mills, thus bringing to a culmination a *cause célèbre* that dates back to last summer. In July the company began to discharge employees for union membership and activity. A strike, induced by these discharges and by the refusal of the management to deal with union representatives, started in October. From that time until the present the National Labor Board has been unsuccessfully seeking to persuade the company to negotiate with representatives of its employees. On January 10 of this year, all attempts at mediation having failed, the board issued a decision. On March 12, the company having remained obdurate, the board held a "show cause" hearing, and on the next day referred the case to the National Compliance Board with the recommendation that the company be deprived of the Blue Eagle. Week after week passed, and still the National Compliance Board remained quiescent, notwithstanding the findings of the Labor Board, the President's executive order of February 23, and the hundreds of idle employees who still walked the streets of Harriman because of the company's playing fast and loose with the statute. Finally, the American Federation of Hosiery Workers presented to Edward F. McGrady formal demands for the resignation of the compliance officers responsible for the delay. General Johnson's order was the fruit of Mr. McGrady's intervention.

THE RELUCTANCE OR FEAR of the NRA to go to the mat in labor disputes under Section 7-a of the Recovery Act has led to continual evasion, but an extreme instance is its treatment of the claim for recognition of the Progressive Miners of America, rival of the John L. Lewis-dominated United Mine Workers of America in the Illinois coal fields. We reported recently that the National Labor Board, of which Mr. Lewis is a member, had refused to sponsor an impartial referendum on the ground that the National Labor Board was of the same rank as the Coal Labor Board, and therefore not in a position to review acts of the latter body. Since then the National Labor Board has sent the Progressives' case to the new National Recovery Review Board, headed by Clarence Darrow, only to have that agency disclaim jurisdiction. The brief notice which Mr. Darrow's group gave the case was distinguished by the illuminating observation of the chairman that when two unions get into a controversy "they will always fight it out." Fighting it out in Illinois, as the representative of the Progressives replied, had then cost thirty-one lives, and since that date two more miners have died in a factional shooting. How serious the situation is, and how derelict the Administration has been, can be judged from the fact that the Illinois Legislature has petitioned President Roosevelt to order a federally supervised poll and that in doing so the legislature overrode the frantic protest of one of its members, Representative Reuben Soderstrom, president of the Illinois Federation of Labor, which is allied with the Lewis group.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL FARLEY, in continuing to uphold the government cancelation of air-mail contracts, had on April 21 a number of unkind things to say about the commercial air companies which, until the middle of February, held contracts to fly the mail. Mr. Farley repeated that the contracts were "conceived and executed in fraud." In the light of this assertion it is with considerable interest that one finds the low bids for air-mail contracts submitted on April 20 in response to a request from the Postmaster-General to be in many cases from just those companies which Mr. Farley described in such unfavorable terms. It is true that the companies, in conformity with the demand of the government for "reorganization," are displaying a new list of officers' names, and that, for example, Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has become Transcontinental and Western Air of California, and American Airways is now completely disguised as American Air Lines. But United Air Lines did not even take the trouble to change its name, since its former contracts were by subsidiary companies. In other words, it is obvious to everybody—and one would hesitate to exclude the Postmaster-General from this category—that the same old air companies are submitting bids. The only difference is that they are bidding a considerably lower rate than appeared in their former contracts. Even though the former contracts were canceled as fraudulent, the government is now taking back the old companies on their promise to be good boys and not steal too much pie.

IF THE CITIZENS of New York had a nice sense of gratitude, they could not do otherwise than raise a statue to State Senator W. T. Thayer, since they owe it directly to his shady relations with the Associated Gas and Electric Company, and the timely exposure of them by the Federal Trade Commission, that Governor Lehman's entire utility program has been enacted by the legislature. Legislative bodies are not always responsive to even a strong public demand—anyhow not when powerful financial interests are tugging in another direction—but the action of the legislature at Albany is a signal victory for an aroused popular sentiment. Early in the session it looked as if Governor Lehman's program for a better control of utility companies would be lost almost *in toto*. Even after publication of the Thayer letters, showing brazen and continuous efforts on the part of a utility company to influence politics and legislation,

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it seemed doubtful if the Governor would get all that he was asking for, but constant pressure by press and public finally carried the day. All ten bills have been enacted, including the key measure enabling municipalities to buy and distribute power.

A PARTICULARLY BRUTAL MURDER took place lately in the vicinity of Shreveport, Louisiana. The victim was a sixteen-year-old girl, the murderer a peddler more than twenty years her senior who has since freely confessed to the crime. Police officers in Shreveport, with the aid of the militia, succeeded in preventing the abduction and lynching of the prisoner by a mob of several thousand persons which fought for hours with the officers of the law. All credit must be paid to the officers who refused to give up their prisoners and who successfully defied the mob. Yet one or two things must be remembered in connection with the case. One is that the murderer was a white man. If he had been a Negro his chances of protection would not have been so good. Another is that the threat of a federal anti-lynching law, which hangs over the several States, is keeping them on their good behavior, a fact that was admitted by a judge at Hernando, Mississippi, in the recent trial of three assailants of a young white girl. The anti-lynching bill, now pending in the Senate, provides for federal prosecution of State officials who fail to protect prisoners and to punish lynchers. It also provides for punishment of lynchers themselves and would impose a penalty of from $2,000 to $10,000 on any county in which a lynching took place. Eminent lawyers have pronounced the bill constitutional; a strong point in its favor is that federal action in lynching cases is freer from local influences. That a federal law would be effective is indicated by the fact that in 1923, a year after the Dyer anti-lynching bill threatened to become a law, there were fewer than half as many lynchings as in 1922.

HANDWRITING on the wall in the form of mural decorations continues to upset the more solid citizens of America. In Seattle, Washington, out where the handwriting's a little stronger than some church members like it, the Reverend Fred W. Shorter has been expelled from his fashionable pulpit for allowing a young artist, Ross Gill, to paint seven radical murals on the walls of the Pilgrim Congregational Church. The murals depict, among other things, a Southern lynching scene; a disarmament conference at which business men are rolling dice with munitions-makers whose heads are skulls; a starving family huddled beside a vast pile of armaments under a banner, "Protect Our Homes"; a tattered farmer plowing under his crops. The conservative members of the church, little to our surprise, maintained (1) that the pictures have no place in any church; (2) that they are propaganda; (3) that they are "particularly gross in a place where children congregate." Having put the responsibility upon the children, the conservatives won their case, according to Mr. Shorter, by "bringing all the old people—people who hadn't been to church for years" to the meeting that dismissed him by a vote of 171 to 121. The children, as usual, were not asked. Mr. Shorter intends to start a church of his own. "Art and religion," he says, "should both be revolutionary. . . . I shall continue to preach the brotherhood of man even though church revenues diminish." It is well that he recognizes his problem.

Silver Without Sense

WHETHER or not the Dies-Thomas silver bill is enacted into law in some form, its appearance is certain to affect our silver policy, and it repays study, purely as a symptom, in the form in which it was unanimously reported by the Senate Agricultural Committee. For it illustrates how a special set of ideas, constantly reiterated with little criticism, can be pushed to more and more fantastic lengths, and how a special interest, meeting little opposition, can become more and more brazen.

The Dies-Thomas silver bill is a strange combination. It contains confusing provisions, it reflects a deep economic bewilderment, and it appears on the surface to be mainly the product of mere legislative ineptitude and irresponsibility. Yet it conceals a few shrewd jokers, and where subsidies to special interests are concerned it seems to be remarkably clear-sighted. It proposes that the government—through the Export-Import Bank—shall sell American agricultural products to foreign countries at their world price, and accept payment in silver coin or bullion at a value up to 25 per cent above the world market price of silver. The bank is then to deposit with the Treasury the silver it receives, and to get in return for it silver certificates based upon a value of $1.29 a fine ounce. The bank is to use the certificates to pay for the farm products it sells to the foreign buyers. Farmers' cooperative marketing associations are authorized to act in the same way as the Export-Import Bank.

Let us see what this plan involves. It means, to begin with, another effort to "dump" American farm products abroad—a practice that our own laws forbid when it involves imports to this country, and a practice that could only provoke renewed resentment and retaliation elsewhere. For to accept silver at a valuation 25 per cent above its world market price would be, in effect, to sell American agricultural products at a 20 per cent discount from their world market price. No foreign importer would buy them, of course, with anything but silver, for this would automatically mean a saving to him of 20 per cent. This process would go on, under the terms of the bill, until silver had reached the fantastic price of $1.29 an ounce, the famous "16 to 1" ratio (compared with a present market price of around 45¼ cents an ounce and with a price of about 30 cents an ounce before last December's silver legislation was passed). Another effect would be that in exchange for all our agricultural exports we should be taking silver, for which we have not the slightest need, instead of the ordinary imports which we do need.

The difference between the real world market price of American farm products and the 20 per cent discount at which they would in effect be sold would of course be paid by the government. In other words, on top of the huge subsidies already being paid to the farmers under the Agricultural Adjustment Act, this bill would provide them with still another subsidy. The sponsors of the bill say that it is impossible for the government to lose on the measure and that, indeed, it would actually make a profit under it. It would make this "profit," however, only because the measure involves the issuance of fiat currency. Even if silver were accepted at 25 per cent above its present market value, for

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example, it would be accepted at 56 cents an ounce, and if silver certificates were issued against the deposit of this silver on the basis of $1.29 an ounce, it would mean that out of every $1.29 of new currency issued, 56 cents would represent silver and 73 cents would represent hot air. (On the basis of the present *market* value of silver, only 35 cents in every new dollar would represent silver, and 65 cents would represent fiat money.)

Farmers' cooperative marketing associations, as already pointed out, may also trade with the same advantages as the Export-Import Bank. This means that these associations would not only be recompensed for the 20 per cent discount involved in accepting silver at a 25 per cent premium, but by being able to turn in to the Treasury for $1.29 an ounce silver accepted at 56 cents an ounce, they would make a nice little additional profit, for their private selves, of 130 per cent on their turnover.

The new silver bill does not end here. It merely gets off to a running start. The sponsors of the measure seem to have feared that up to this point they were doing more for the farmers than for the silver interests, in spite of the fact that the measure as it stood would have created an enormous new artificial demand for silver. So they proceeded to atone for this. It must be remembered—though the new silver bill makes no reference to the matter—that last December the President issued a silver-purchase proclamation which provided for the purchase by the United States government of at least 24,421,410 ounces of silver annually for a period of four years; the annual amount represented approximately the entire silver production of the United States in 1932. The price to be paid was the 16 to 1 ratio of $1.29 an ounce, but with the deduction of a 50 per cent "seigniorage charge" the net amount to the silver producers was only 64½ cents. Even this, however, was about 50 per cent more than the market price of silver on the day on which the proclamation was made. This measure took care of the annual production of American silver producers. But that does not satisfy the silver maniacs. This new bill provides that the Treasury shall buy, at the highest market price on the day preceding the proclamation, all the monetary silver in the country, in no matter whose hands. This, of course, would take all the present American speculative silver off the market. Then the Treasury is directed to purchase silver bullion "at a rate of 50,000,000 ounces per month, wherever silver shall be procurable." This is at a rate approximately twenty-five times as great as the American production. It would constitute an enormous subsidy to foreign silver interests. It would even encourage foreign speculators to corner the market against our government, whose purchases would be mandatory, for this rate is not to let up until—if ever—the 1926 price level is reached and held.

Incidentally, in one innocent sentence the bill provides that "all coins and currencies of the United States (including Federal Reserve notes) . . . shall be redeemable in silver coins," which would shift us immediately from a gold to a silver basis, did not the bill somehow neglect to specify the rate of redemption.

Senator Thomas, in defending this preposterous measure, repeats the hoary myth that an increase in the price of silver "will open up the markets of the silver-using countries to American exportable products." The only silver-standard country in the world is China, which took only 2 per cent of our exports even in 1929. It does not help China's outside purchasing power in the long run to raise the price of silver, but quite the contrary. China is an importer of silver, not an exporter of it. The rise in silver that has already taken place has brought a decline of prices in China which has upset its internal economy.

Silver is not even by the greatest stretch of the imagination a basic commodity. The entire silver output of the United States in 1932, as various statisticians have pointed out, was worth only 1 per cent of our national wheat crop in the same year, and was considerably less in dollar value than our output of chewing gum or eskimo pie. Silver does not account for one two-thousandths of our national income. As for there being any further need of "doing something for silver," it is worth recalling that the silver interests are already selling their product to the government for eleven cents an ounce more than its average price in 1929.

The silver bill, in brief, exists without the slightest sense or excuse. So far as the alleged need for "raising prices" is concerned, the argument completely ignores the 41 per cent devaluation of the gold dollar that has already taken place, which, even if there had been any truth in the myth about the "shortage of gold," would have been far more than sufficient to offset such a shortage. In spite of the atmosphere of uncertainty that still prevails regarding the future of the dollar, in spite of an only very partial revival of business confidence, the dollar devaluation has already been largely responsible for a 22 per cent recovery in prices. That recovery is virtually certain to go much farther, without additional devaluation, as soon as the country is convinced that a stable and permanent monetary policy has been adopted, particularly if that policy is adopted in collaboration with a similar policy on the part of Great Britain. Most economists feel, indeed, that the real danger even with the present devaluation is of an eventual rise in prices much above the 1926 level, as a result of which wage and salary workers are bound to suffer. The new silver bill, regardless of its immediate effects, would ultimately mean an additional inflation of an uncontrollable kind, for it would not even be silver inflation, but a combination of silver and paper inflation.

Mr. Roosevelt cannot evade his share of responsibility for the Dies-Thomas bill. He acceded to the acceptance of unnecessary silver as a left-handed way of reducing the war-debt payments. When he announced his silver-purchasing program last December, many commentators, while recognizing that the program was unsound, praised the President for his cleverness in using this sop to "head off" the silver agitation. The effect, of course, was precisely the opposite. The silver lobbyists soundly concluded that if you could get so much with a little yell, you could get a great deal more with a louder and longer yell. One of the compromises suggested in the President's talks with the advocates of the Dies-Thomas bill was the sale of industrial as well as farm products for silver, with the silver taken at 10 instead of 25 per cent above its market value. But this would merely extend the policy of international dumping to all our commodities, and a smaller but still unjustified subsidy would be retained. The silver lobby cannot be effectively opposed until it is opposed on the grounds of principle. Inflation of the currency always has a persuasive sound to the man of little means, but all history shows that he is the chief sufferer when it is put into effect.

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Disarmament Retreats

IT would be idle to deny that the recent French and German notes on the question of disarmament are utterly discouraging. They justify the blackest pessimism and almost warrant the expectation that the whole effort at disarmament will shortly be officially abandoned. It is the more regrettable because France and Germany have twice within the last two years been on the point of reaching an agreement which would probably have led to the abolition of some of the offensive weapons for the elimination of which President Roosevelt has called. It seems as if, having been made mad, Europe were going to drift steadily toward destruction by the gods. As the French correctly point out, Hitler's reply to the British note inquiring as to the meaning of the great increase in the German military budget is "less justification than confirmation" of the fact that Germany is steadily arming in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles. The French point out, among other things, that airdromes are being established in the demilitarized zones and that the Germans openly admit increasing their navy and their air force. The German note demands complete equality of air armament within ten years. Meanwhile, as everyone knows, Hitler is drilling all Germany as the Kaiser and his generals never dreamed of doing. Can Europe do nothing but drift into another and perhaps final catastrophe?

It would appear so. But Hitler is certainly following a course which will compel the Allies to show their hands. For example, will England be content to drop the question of Germany's arming now that it has received Hitler's defiant answer, or will MacDonald follow up his inquiry by vigorous and determined opposition to Germany's announced policy? If so, how far will he be prepared to go? And the French—will they permit Hitler to continue to arm and to violate the Treaty of Versailles without acting? If so, they will find themselves in an armament race which can have only one ending. On the other hand, both in England and France there is a very strong sentiment against another war; something like a pacifist wave has been noticed in France for a year past. But if not a preventive war—which heaven forfend—then what? The League of Nations is nothing to lean upon. A boycott? Quite possibly. But this is a dangerous weapon, not to be taken up lightly; not to be taken up at all unless a powerful group of countries is ready for it. And how can union in such matters be achieved unless the various nations concerned show a far greater readiness to act together than they have thus far displayed? Perhaps no such unity will be possible until the nations are much more frightened by Hitler than is the case today. Thus we are witnessing the final test of the post-war statesmanship of England and the Continent. If it fails now we shall see Hitler gaining steadily, arming rapidly, and threatening the imposition of his military will upon all his neighbors.

All of which presents a great challenge to President Roosevelt. He has twice appealed for peace and disarmament. He has urged the nations to abolish offensive weapons and to pledge themselves by solemn treaty never to permit their military forces to cross their own boundaries with hostile intent. Now is his chance to save the situation if it is to be saved. Let him follow his own lead and summon the nations to immediate action, offering concrete American disarmament proposals precisely as Secretary Hughes did at the outset of the Washington conference of 1922, and committing the United States to consultation and united economic pressure upon an aggressor. No one else can take the initiative. Germany says France has wrecked all hope of disarmament by its latest note declaring that it will not disarm as long as Germany continues to arm and increase its military budget. France says that Germany has killed the hope of disarmament by its defiance of the Allies. England wrings its hands, and Italy looks on with cynical detachment, like a buzzard waiting for its share of the carrion that is sure to appear unless something is done. Russia's bona fide offer to disarm completely is brushed aside. Mr. Roosevelt may be criticized to some extent at home if he acts. But if it is plain to the American people that he makes no military commitments and enters no alliances in extending his good offices, if he lets them understand the dire necessity of action for the safety of civilization, to say nothing of the world's economic and financial recovery, the criticism cannot be for long. He has already made, of his own initiative, a constructive proposal. Why should he not follow it up in a way which will either insure action or finally make clear the impossibility of saving the world from its own folly?

The alternative is too dreadful to contemplate. Another armed struggle upon the Continent would probably bring down every existing government which might be involved, if it did not mean complete chaos and anarchy. We can only repeat that this is what impends if the policy of drift is to continue. Every responsible statesman in England has declared that if war comes it will rock the very foundations of our common life. Is there really nothing to do but to sit silent and let the disaster come?

A Word About Wirt

THE NATION has so far refrained from comment upon the great Wirt Rebellion because there seem to be so few sensible things that one can say about it. To point out that Dr. Wirt opened his mouth only to put his foot in it is redundant. To say that no such plots as he described are harbored in any responsible governmental bosom is only to repeat what the fantastic hearings brought out. Apparently Dr. Wirt heard some non-members of the so-called Brain Trust make a very few remarks which he did not quote. If he heard anything more than this we are forced to suspect that he did so when intoxicated—although doubtless only by his own unexampled verbosity.

But having admitted all this, one thing remains to be said in the Doctor's defense. His words may be wild, but his underlying fears have a modest basis in fact. In the eagerness of the Democrats to prove him a liar and themselves sturdy reactionaries, the fact has been generally overlooked that the Roosevelt Administration does include individuals who in the eyes of Dr. Wirt and his friends rate as revolutionaries. They are planning for and working toward fundamental changes in the political and economic structure of our society. They undoubtedly look upon the steps so far taken as merely preliminary to more thoroughgoing reform. They do not consider Roosevelt as a Kerensky or themselves

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as potential Lenins and Stalins, for their hopes are fixed on an orderly process of change brought about through integrating the recovery measures so far instituted in a larger social plan to be developed gradually through legislative and administrative action. Lenin and Stalin and Marx would repudiate the hopes of these reformers as the self-deception of bourgeois minds, minds incapable of facing the inescapable conflict of social forces. But Dr. Wirt also repudiates their hopes. To him they are indistinguishable from revolution, for they contemplate permanent government control of economic forces that have in the past been allowed to swing wide and free. In the mind of this particular Old Dealer the heresies of the Administration's left wing naturally merge with the orthodoxies of communism.

To us they offer the single small measure of promise in a situation which conceals fewer and fewer reasons for hope. The Roosevelt Administration has from the start been compounded of contradictory elements. Reactionaries, radicals, and plain politicians have been struggling for power in every government department. Lately the radicals, those who see beyond the immediate demands of the emergency to the need for basic change, have been overborne by the sheer weight of financial and industrial power on the other side. Even without the dubious aid of Dr. Wirt, the right wing has been consolidating its strength in the codes, in the labor struggle, and in the awarding of government contracts. Open hostility is fast taking the place of acquiescence or mere passive opposition. If recovery continues, this tendency will almost certainly increase. Only if Mr. Roosevelt comes boldly to their rescue can the ranks of the reformers hold even the few inches they have gained on the economic front. Otherwise the "revolution" will be squelched—until the next crash comes to bury the fears of Dr. Wirt and the hopes of Dr. Tugwell under the same heap of rubbish.

Three Cheers!

WE salute Dr. Alton A. Smahl of New York City as the most useful citizen of that august metropolis. He is the type of man who does more for the practical improvement of the community in which he lives than a dozen of the usual reform societies or a thousand men who voice their grievances only in letters to the newspapers. He is one of those rare individuals who is willing to spend his time and money fighting abuses instead of orating or whining about them. Also—and perhaps most important—he is willing to be called a crank in order to fight for a principle which is important as such but is bound to cost in time and money a hundred times the financial consideration, if there happens to be a financial consideration involved. At the end of a seven years' fight, which has cost him about $3,000 in cash and an uncountable amount in time and bother, Dr. Smahl has just won a verdict of $5.40 for overcharges from the New York Telephone Company.

Seven years ago, when Dr. Smahl first made up his mind that the telephone company was overcharging him, he complained hopefully to the Public Service Commission. He was unaware then that such bodies have degenerated to a point where, in general, the commissioners are either mainly concerned with maintaining corporation profits or too timid and obsessed with legalistic hocus-pocus to do anything for the public. Dr. Smahl's complaints were taken up at various "hearings," but that was as far as they got. The commission fell back on the excuse that a subscriber's record of calls had no standing. It got rid of Dr. Smahl by insisting that under the law it had to accept the company's records; it made no effort to put up a fight under the law or to get the law changed.

So Dr. Smahl decided to make a fight himself. He began last June to keep a record of calls which would command the confidence of any man with common sense. He made his secretary a witness, and allowed no one to make calls except himself. When he left his office he padlocked the dials on both his main telephone and his extension. Calls could be received but not made. When the telephone bill came in for June he found an overcharge of $1.10. For July the excess was $.35; for September, $1.40; for October, $1.50; for November, $1.05. Dr. Smahl deducted the overcharge each month and paid the balance of the bill. The company sent him notices in regard to arrears but he dropped them in the wastebasket. On January 24 the company sent him a notice that it would stand no more nonsense and was about to discontinue his telephone. On the twenty-seventh the threat was carried into effect to the extent of stopping for three days all but incoming calls. Upon advice of his attorney Dr. Smahl sent the company a check for $5.40, writing on the back of it, "Paid under protest as overcharges." He then began suit, wisely refusing to intrust the case to the decision of a judge but demanding a jury.

At the trial the company presented the usual battery of "experts"—engineers, accountants, inspectors, operators, and the like—enough to occupy two rows of seats in the courtroom. The physician sat alone with one witness, his secretary at the time of the overcharges. Company-paid witnesses testified that the padlock meant nothing, for if the receiver was unlocked one might get a number by jiggling the hook ten times and waiting forty-five seconds, when the operator would answer. But the jury believed Dr. Smahl. It deserves the thanks of the city, while the physician should have a public reception by Mayor LaGuardia and a parade from the Battery to the Bronx. He has done far more for the city than all the transatlantic fliers and Channel swimmers, and for once the leaves of telephone books might with poetic justice be torn to bits and tossed enthusiastically into the street by the company's subscribers.

Dr. Smahl contends rightly that the telephone company should be compelled to instal meters on the subscriber's premises, just as do gas and electric companies. The scandal of overcharges for extra calls is an abuse of much too long standing. The company always refuses to render an itemized bill of calls made, although no customer of a grocer or a butcher would be legally obligated to pay a bill without a statement of the articles purchased. The telephone company excuses its failure to render an itemized bill by saying that it does not itself keep an itemized account, which is a confession that its system is either inadequate or crooked.

Dr. Smahl is not through yet. He intends to bring another lawsuit to compensate him for the inconvenience and professional loss occasioned by the interruption of his telephone service last January. If we were the jury—and the same prediction can be made of those who are likely to be—Dr. Smahl would receive a gratifying sum as damages.

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Issues and Men

The Hapless and Helpless Republicans

IF ever a political opposition was entitled to pity, it is surely the Republican. It is grasping at every straw to make headway against the President, and its headway is practically nil. Of course we hear a great deal of talk about the growing opposition, and we read of the departure for Washington from Lexington, Massachusetts, on the eve of the 159th anniversary of the Battle of Lexington of a delegation of patriots to protest formally to Congress against "unreasonable interference by the federal government" in the affairs of "a free people." We read, too, a denunciation of the New Deal by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, that young man who will never grow up, on taking office as president of the National Republican Club. In the Colonel's mind the New Deal is "ominous," "bullying," "bulldozing," "reactionary," and "militaristic Prussianism." A "gigantic bureaucracy," it appears, has been built up, which at best is "stultified, narrow, and inefficient," and at worst is a "colossal and corrupt machine." The avidity with which the absurd Wirt charges were seized upon by the Republicans is further proof of their eagerness to get something on the President. But what happens? When the President returns from his outing he is given an unsurpassed reception at the Washington station by fully 200 Congressmen, and when the Illinois voters go to the primaries, for the first time there are more Democratic votes than Republican.

Truly, one cannot deny that the President is a child of fortune when one considers the total absence of any real leaders in the Republican ranks. We are actually only two years away from the next Republican National Convention, which is to nominate a candidate for the Presidency, and thus far not a single candidate is being talked about for the nomination—I mean not a candidate whose name would immediately interest and be known to the bulk of the voters. Ogden Mills is impossible, if only because he is a very rich man and usually reactionary. If I mistake not, there are only eight Republican Governors from whom a choice might be made. The term of one of them, Gifford Pinchot, expires this year, and he himself is unthinkable as a Presidential candidate. One hears something of Governor Winant of New Hampshire, but that is too impractical a suggestion to be worth considering. Nor is there any regular left in the Senate of whom serious mention could be made. Some of the Republicans are obviously going to be retired to private life, among them Mr. Fess of Ohio, Mr. Robinson of Indiana, and perhaps David Reed of Pennsylvania. As the New York *Times* says, Mr. Kean of New Jersey, Mr. Goldsborough of Maryland, Mr. Hatfield of West Virginia "seem bad risks," and perhaps Mr. Vandenberg of Michigan, too. But even if they are reelected, none of them is of Presidential timber. Look where you will, there is no one in sight on the Republican side who seems to measure up to the job.

But supposing there were some likely Republican candidate, on what platform would he stand? It is perfectly hopeless to think that any man could get an appreciable number of votes by reechoing on the stump Colonel Roosevelt's words of denunciation. The voters of this country are going to ask anybody who advocates the destruction of the NRA and the reversal of our national policies what he has to offer in its place. They will agree that this present exceptional regime must not be allowed to retain indefinitely its dictatorial powers, but their minds are focused upon the immediate emergency, and they will simply say to the Republicans: Just precisely what is it that you are going to substitute for the NRA? Just what is your orientation anyhow? If the answer is that we should return completely to the regime of Hoover it will be as good as no response. If there is to be a modification and liberalization of Republican policy, then how far is the party prepared to go in the direction of the New Deal? Personally I feel that a good deal more noise could be made at public meetings and in the Republican press in opposition to Mr. Roosevelt without in any degree appreciably affecting the President's standing with the voters as a whole. I have already written that the Democratic Party could lose fifty or sixty seats in the House in the elections next fall without such an event implying any real decrease in the President's strength with the plain people.

Moreover, the temper of the people, if I am any judge, is increasingly radical. Look at the resolutions passed by the Methodist clergymen of the city of New York on April 14, criticizing the President for not being more radical. They voted a resolution which read: "We hope the NRA will be strengthened and extended so that its real objective, increase of purchasing power, will be reached . . . by such rigid enforcement of the codes that it will be demonstrated that the government and *not reactionary business* rules." Another resolution which was defeated by 175 to 125 called for public ownership of natural resources, basic industries, banking, transportation, and communications, "the same to be obtained by means of purchase; the redistribution of wealth by income and inheritance taxes; unemployment, sickness, and old-age insurance, the fact of existence being sufficient warrant for health, shelter, and food." It is not surprising that this resolution was denounced as purely socialistic, but it is surprising that it could have been introduced at all into any church convention. And can Colonel Roosevelt or any other Republican find in it a hope that even a part of the American people wish to return to the Republicanism of Mr. Hoover? President Roosevelt need not be alarmed; if the Republican agitation should become serious he has a weapon in his holster to make them thoroughly afraid. He can go on the stump for his program; he can use his wonderful radio power. If it was possible for Secretary Ickes to destroy one Republican Congressman by a single letter, how many Republicans could Mr. Roosevelt eliminate if he were to speak out against them and give their names to the electorate?

Oswald Garrison Villard

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The Tragedy of Trotzky

By LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, March 20

THE recantation of Christian G. Rakovsky, the leading Trotzky partisan in the Soviet Union, proclaims the death of Leon Trotzky; he has been a political corpse for some years, but now his demise is official. Rakovsky, who was formerly Prime Minister of the Ukraine and Soviet Ambassador to London and Paris, a man of great moral integrity, will-power, and charm, has abjured Trotzkyism, recognized the mistake of his protest-through-inactivity against Stalin, and offered to return from Siberia and work with the Soviet Government. Trotzky cannot attack Rakovsky as a bad Communist. As late as February, 1934, the *Bulletin of the Opposition* which Trotzky publishes in Paris took up the cudgels for the exile. While the bourgeois press printed frequent reports of Rakovsky's death at the hands of "Cheka tormentors," this little monthly constantly demanded his release. Now he has been released, but he goes to a position with the state. Sosnovsky, a brilliant writer, has also recanted.

In 1928 I spent a week with Rakovsky at his place of exile. At that moment Radek, Preobrazhensky, and Smilga, likewise prominent banished Trotzkyists, had decided to repent publicly and seek readmission into the Communist Party. They were bombarding Rakovsky with telegrams to join them in this move. But he remained adamant, and he stubbornly maintained his anti-Stalin stand through five more years of what was certainly well-nigh intolerable physical, mental, and moral suffering He was actuated, I believe, as much by his love and respect for Trotzky and an ethical incapacity to desert a defeated friend as by his faith in Trotzkyist principles. But while cruel circumstances force Trotzky to play Don Quixote until he can no longer tilt his scintillating pen, another path lay open to Rakovsky. He could make a further tangible contribution to the revolution by working instead of sulking interminably in his Barnaul Siberian barrack. He must have remained loyal to Trotzky as long as he did partly because he still had some trust in the survival of Trotzkyism. Today it is too obvious that Trotzkyism is as dead as Trotzky.

Rakovsky knows from the sad experiences of his fellow-Trotzkyists who preceded him to Canossa that, however important the executive post he receives, he can never regain any influence on Communist Party policy, and that is what counts most with a Bolshevik. But what was the alternative? Revolutionaries died in czarist Siberia after twenty and thirty years of exile; Rakovsky is made of the same unyielding stuff. Yet the physical isolation imposed by Nicholas II was not nearly so terrible as the ideological loneliness with which Soviet and world events have surrounded Trotzky and his dwindling band of fine, honest Russian followers. Trotzky's arguments are brilliant. They seem convincing. Some of his negative destructive criticism about the U. S. S. R. is correct. Rapid developments in and outside the Soviet Union, however, have undermined Trotzky's platform and robbed it of the little realism it ever had. Trotzky is a man crying in the wilderness.

Trotzky is therefore the most tragic figure of our time. Dynamic, full of zest despite his fifty-five years, he is probably the world's ablest publicist, with more ideas in a fortnight than many writers have in a lifetime. Bourgeois journals and journalists feed on his political analyses. He presumably retains his great talent for leadership and statesmanship. Yet this turbine of energy, this generator of thought, this great magnetic personality, is condemned to ineffectual literary pursuits and anti-Stalin pin-pricking. Only the tragedy of Napoleon on St. Helena compares with the modern tragedy of Leon Trotzky. Bonaparte had at least his hundred days. Trotzky cannot have them. He can never return to the Soviet Union though he helped to make it what it is today. At a recent important party conference in Eastern Siberia, Emilian Yarovslavsky, a member of the inner Bolshevik circle, spoke of the counter-revolutionaries hired by the bourgeoisie, and the delegates remarked that Trotzky too was in the pay of the capitalists. Yarovslavsky did not have the courage to deny this infamous accusation. His failure to do so was beneath contempt, as Stalin's effort to rewrite Soviet history so that Trotzky's role either disappears or becomes besmirched is beneath contempt. This whole attitude no longer serves the political purpose by which some Bolsheviks seek to justify or explain it; it can only serve to gratify a not very noble desire for personal vengeance. But moral indignation gets us nowhere. The fact remains that the propaganda against Trotzky has created a strong sentiment against him not only in the party and youth but among the general population which once revered him. His former supporters are bitterest in denouncing him, sometimes sincerely, for he is very open to attack. The official version that Trotzky is an "enemy of the revolution" and "objectively" an agent of the bourgeoisie finds acceptance. Few defend him. His books are proscribed; his record is erased. Even Lenin's widow, Krupskaya, paragon of honesty, a former Trotzkyist, and too old and honored to have to give up her independent outlook, unhistorically ignores Trotzky in her reminiscences of the November, 1917, days, yet goes out of her way to speak of his haughtiness and prima-donna manners. Trotzky's quarrels with Lenin, his mistakes, are regularly recalled; his services never. The total effect is his elimination as a factor in the Soviet situation, and even if Stalin died no man of influence in the U. S. S. R. would think of bringing Trotzky back. He would not be needed. He could not be rehabilitated. The hate for him is too great. Those who count are too committed to anti-Trotzkyism.

But the basic cause of Trotzky's political ruin is that events have proved him completely wrong. It is this circumstance that explains Rakovsky's recantation. Trotzky does not like the term Trotzkyism. He always writes it in quotation marks. He calls himself a "Bolshevik-Leninist"; both sides try to appropriate Lenin and put him to all sorts of Talmudic uses. Nevertheless there is such a thing as Trotzkyism. It may be defined, generally, as a policy based on lack of faith in Socialist success in the Soviet Union and on vast faith in the possibilities of that non-Socialist regime for

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extending socialism to other countries. It was Trotzky who spoke of the Soviet "Thermidor." He believed the "New Economic Policy" would bring back capitalism. Radek said to me in 1922, and subsequently, I think, wrote the sentiment into a pamphlet published in Moscow, that unless revolutions took place outside, Soviet Russia would develop into a labor republic like Australia. Although Trotzky was one of the first to suggest the NEP, its actual manifestations in the shape of a demoralized political atmosphere, the recrudescence of an ugly, indecent private capitalism, and the rise of a kulak class frightened him and his followers and filled them with despair. Trotzkyism, of course, has prerevolutionary and deep, theoretical roots, but its most recent political reincarnation was born of this despair. The natural corollary of Trotzkyist Nep-time pessimism was the hope and the belief that world revolution could and would save the Soviet regime from ideological decay.

I trust that nobody will at this point quote Lenin to refute me and to prove that the master did not conceive of socialism in one country, that, Nep or no Nep, he believed the Soviet Revolution could not succeed without foreign insurrections. Lenin supplies ammunition to both camps because he said the one thing and the other. He changed his mind several times on this subject; he changed his mind several times on other subjects—three times on the important Urquhart concession. He was a keen observer and a realist. He never considered himself infallible, and when, for instance, the attempt to communize Poland by marching the Red Army to Warsaw failed he publicly admitted the error. There is reason to assume that toward the end of life, seeing the likelihood of world revolution diminish, he inclined to Stalin's present view that socialism could be established in the Soviet Union. But if he did not, it would make no difference. He was a genius but not a prophet, and the earth of 1934 is not the earth of 1923 when Lenin ceased to function on it. One must judge the actual situation in the U. S. S. R. And a dispassionate study has to yield this verdict: notwithstanding the horrible cancer of bureaucracy which robs the Soviet organism of much of its spiritual vitality, the destruction of the kulaks, the agrarian collectives, costly in organization and imperfect in operation though they have been, the state industries with all their inefficiency, and the huge mass of new construction are tremendous anti-capitalist facts. They also represent seven-league strides toward socialism. It was Trotzky's first serious blunder to assume that the capitalist revival which followed the introduction of the NEP in 1921 would be long lasting or irremediable. Trotzky advocated industrialization on a vast scale, but he did not suppose that socialism could thus be attained. The strengthening of industry and of the proletariat was to him merely a means of holding the Soviet fort against the incursions of the capitalist mujik. He did not conceive of the remaking of mujik economy, much less mujik psychology. Collectivization never presented itself to him as a major solution. His solution of the Soviet proletariat-versus-peasant conflict was not to bridge the gap by socializing agriculture but instead to bring the Soviet proletariat fresh reinforcements in the shape of the revolutionary world proletariat. This was Trotzky's second fundamental error. He put his trust in the world revolution. Pessimism with respect to the Soviet Union was matched by optimism about the prospects of an international labor revolt.

It is an indisputable fact, however, that the world revolution is as far away as when Lenin and Trotzky directed the Third International. Fascism, unable to arrest the decline of economic standards, creeps from country to country. The intensity of human distress is equaled only by the ferocity of political reaction. Europe never looked so dark and beyond hope as at the present time. Yet communism makes no headway. The Comintern is a dismal failure. The causes are many; people will differ about them. But to assert, as Trotzky does, that "without Stalin there would have been no Hitler victory" is to be ridiculous, non-Marxist, and dominated by that unbounded personal bitterness which blurs Trotzky's vision whenever he mentions Stalin. Between 1917 and 1923, when the Comintern operated under the guidance of Lenin and Trotzky, there were more and better opportunities for foreign revolutions than in the years of Stalin's supremacy. Were Lenin and Trotzky guilty of tactical mistakes, or did they refuse to place the resources of Soviet Russia at the disposal of outside uprisings, or did deeper economic and social factors outweigh all their fine plans, excellent theories, and good intentions? I think the last. Would it be correct to say that but for Lenin and Trotzky there would still be Soviet republics in Hungary and Bavaria? Human beings play a big role in history but not the sole role. Hitler lifted himself into power by frightening the petty bourgeoisie with the bogy of communism. If the menace had been more real, he might have been in power earlier. Fascism is capitalism's resistance to extinction. Assume for a moment that the world revolution is moribund because of Stalin's bad leadership of the Third International. But now Trotzky, after years of literary preparation abroad, has undertaken to organize a Fourth International. Four farcically small groups met to lay its foundation. Trotzky's own *Bulletin*, however, admits that no progress has been made. It even warns against hostility among the four sections—two German and two Dutch—after their failure to agree on questions of principle. The Fourth International has been still born. Trotzky too is unable to advance world revolution.

This was Rakovsky's dilemma and this is Trotzky's tragedy. Soviet internal policy displeased them. They hoped for salvation now from China, now from Germany, then from Spain, from Japan. Trotzky has grasped frantically at all such illusory revolutionary situations because, if they developed, they could save his position and justify his antagonism to Moscow. But one by one these "revolutionary situations" have melted into thin air. (If there is a civil war in Spain it will be the fault, or to the credit, neither of the Comintern nor of Trotzkyism.) What is the result? The Trotzkyists reject the Soviet Union; life washes the "world revolution" from under their feet; they are left suspended with no base to stand on. Rakovsky has bravely jumped to firm ground. Trotzky cannot.

In Rakovsky's telegram from Barnaul to the party's central committee he said that "the differences which separate him from the party lose their significance" in view of "the growth of international reaction." This is not a humiliating declaration. The differences exist, but the world is moving toward reaction, and therefore Rakovsky submits to "the decisions and discipline of the party" for the sake of "the socialist construction of the Soviet Union."

[*Elliot E. Cohen will answer Mr. Fischer in an article entitled Stalin Buries Revolution—Prematurely.*]

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Spring in Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 21

SOME of my distinguished colleagues were recently predicting, for reasons known only to themselves and their Creator, that Roosevelt was about due to "swing to the right." His public and private utterances since his return from the South should suffice to make an end of such tosh. There never was any doubt on the subject in my mind, and had there been, it would now be dissipated. When the President told the welcoming delegation that he was "a tough guy," he was joking in earnest. He went away fighting mad because Congress had overruled his veto of the independent offices bill. He came back with his good humor restored, but with a heightened determination to drive straight for his objectives. In my judgment, he is prepared to employ whatever tactics are required to attain them. It is difficult for this fact to penetrate the thick skulls of certain gentry, such as those who oppose adequate regulation of the stock exchanges. They simply cannot bring themselves to believe that this really is a new deal, and that any retreat on the part of this Administration is not in the cards. However, the most massive layers of bone eventually yield to an ax in the hands of a resolute man. It is discouraging to reflect that in Roosevelt's efforts to preserve the profit system the chief opposition comes from the most favored beneficiaries of the system. It causes one to wonder uneasily whether the Communists may not be right, after all.

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DURING the last two weeks the popular topics of conversation in official Washington have been the Wirt incident and the reception at the Soviet Embassy. Concerning the former, the most charitable thing that can be said is that it served to enrich the language with a pungent new verb. Hereafter we shall hear people accused of "wirting"—although one trusts the number will be small. To "wirt," as I understand the term, is to perpetrate some peculiarly cowardly and despicable act, such, for example, as to accept a lady's hospitality, bore her and the other guests to the verge of extinction, and then go out and slander them for the purpose of obtaining publicity. Another result of the inquiry was to uncover one of the most incredible and obnoxious demagogues who ever defiled a seat in Congress. I refer to Representative Harold McGugin, of Coffeyville, Kansas. Like most of my colleagues, I had supposed that American politics in its lowest form was personified in Washington by Senator Arthur Robinson of Indiana. Now I am inclined to give McGugin the edge. He is quite as shameless as Robinson and is more grating and less intelligent. His efforts to tar unoffending government employees with the brush of communism and his gross disregard of all the rules of fairness and courtesy during the hearing constituted a display of partisan politics at its shabbiest. I had never heard of McGugin before, but inquiry discloses that he has been in the House for three years, and that he has rapidly been earning a reputation with the House press gallery similar to that enjoyed by Robinson in the Senate. They must be queer people in the Third District of Kansas if they are content to be represented in Washington by such a character. However, all the scurvy politics is not played by Republicans. Two years ago young Joe Bailey of Texas was elected to Congress from the State at large, mainly, it seems, by the votes of people who thought they were voting for his father, the late Senator Bailey. Certainly he has shown nothing here that would warrant him in aspiring to higher things. Nevertheless, he decided to run against Senator Tom Connally in the Democratic primary. It is well known in Washington—and Texas—that Roosevelt desires to see Connally reelected, because of his record. A few days ago young Joe managed to wangle a two-minute interview with the President, during which he said that if Roosevelt preferred Connally, he would withdraw. The President, of course, replied that he was taking no sides in such contests, whereupon Bailey went out and told the reporters that he had offered to withdraw but, after "a very satisfactory talk" with the President, was still in the race. The implication was unmistakable that Roosevelt had persuaded him not to withdraw. If the President had ever hesitated between the two candidates, this performance would surely have decided him.

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CONCERNING the Russian reception, the lucky 800 who received invitations (it is said that 4,000 requests were unfilled) have talked of little since but the aplomb of the Troyanovskys, the excellence and abundance of the food and wine, and the good taste of the furnishings. To hear the talk, one would suppose that they expected to find the Ambassador in a smock and leather boots. The fact is, of course, that the Soviet Government has maintained diplomatic establishments in foreign capitals for many years, and so far as I know, their social conduct has always been unexceptionable. At any rate, the Ambassador's evening clothes were impeccable, and debutantes who arrived in red gowns especially ordered for the occasion were somewhat chagrined to find Mrs. Troyanovsky in a modish creation of peach. Heywood Broun seemed uncomfortably conscious of his dinner jacket until ex-Senator Brookhart showed up in shiny blue serge. (None of his friends' evening clothes fit him.) To me the rarest sight of the evening was that of a Republican Congressman from Massachusetts leaning against a bust of Lenin, with a glass of Soviet champagne in one hand and a hunk of Soviet caviar in the other, gravely discoursing on the red peril in America as disclosed by the Wirt charges. Judging from appearances he was feeling no pain, and what he lacked in a sense of humor was made up in appetite. Grizzled dowagers who had not been out since General Grant's inaugural ball smirked and waved their reticules frivolously at one another, and all was merrier than the wedding bell. There is doubtless some salutary, if not shocking, moral to be drawn from all this, but thus far I have been unable to discover it. Personally, I had a swell time—partly, perhaps, because I didn't run into Ham Fish.

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IF the Tugwell bill fails of passage at this session of Congress, as now seems likely, the responsibility will not rest entirely on the aggressive lobby maintained by the manufacturers of food, drugs, and cosmetics. Some of that doubtful distinction should go to certain self-styled "liberals," including Messrs. Kallett and Schlink, authors of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," who are conducting an active propaganda against the measure on the ground that it is not perfect. Of course it isn't perfect. No legislation ever is. Every observer with sense enough to find his way down Pennsylvania Avenue knows that reforms of this character are always obtained piecemeal, and that the proper method consists in achieving gains whenever possible and consolidating them for the next advance. The old Wiley act was full of imperfections, but would anyone have the cheek to assert that it is worse than nothing? To say that no bill is better than the modified Tugwell measure is to utter a brazen and atrocious falsehood. It is disheartening to find people who call themselves "liberals" lining up with the patent-medicine lobby in asking that the bill be smothered. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe they will succeed. In that event, it will still be lawful to advertise and sell horse physic, horse liniment, and extract of horsetail weed as remedies for such ailments as indigestion, tuberculosis, and diabetes. The manufacturers will continue to enjoy their swollen profits, the counselors of perfection will continue to await the millennium, and the sick will continue to die.

* * * * *

GENERAL JOHNSON and Donald Richberg have returned to town after a realistic session with Roosevelt at Miami, and it is my guess that enforcement of NRA codes is about to produce some fireworks. A Division of Litigation has been established to collect evidence of violations, assist district attorneys in conducting prosecutions, and defend the Administration against applications for injunctions. A large mass of evidence already has been accumulated, and indictments should be forthcoming soon. Gentlemen who have been preening themselves on the devices whereby they evade performance of their agreements may shortly find themselves looking through iron bars. It would have a salutary effect. Meanwhile, the courts continue to rival each other in supporting the recovery program. Ackerman of Florida has been reversed by his Circuit Court of Appeals in the AAA case, and another New York judge has emulated Knox in denying an injunction against the cleaners' and dyers' code. The Becks and the Reeds (Jim and Dave) may tear their hair and invoke the shades of the past, but the members of the judiciary apparently are convinced that the American people are not yet willing to lie down and starve to death in accordance with the most approved legal precedents. Somehow I find it difficult to grieve over this circumstance.

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OF all the falsehoods which have been given current circulation, none is more transparent or offensive than the assertion that the air-mail contracts were canceled "without hearing or trial." The fact is, as any casual newspaper reader knows, that the Black committee listened to scores of witnesses, that their testimony ran into millions of words, that the evidence of fraud was supplied almost entirely by officials of the companies and documents taken from their files—most of it uncontradicted—and that the Postmaster-General canceled the contracts under a section of the law expressly empowering him to do exactly that. The aviation officials may be expected to lie for their skins, but there is no earthly excuse for responsible editors and publicists who continue to parrot the amazing statement that the companies were "condemned without a hearing." I make an exception, of course, for editors whose families or friends are owners of aviation stock. By the way, might it not be a good idea for the committee to summon some of the latter to testify?

Who's Who in Nazidom

By MIRIAM BEARD

IT is the proud boast of Nazi leaders that they are amateurs in the art of government; their ability to rule "in an entirely novel manner," which they are demonstrating to the amazement of the civilized world, is, they aver, wholly due to this happy unprofessionalism.

They are amateurs in everything else as well, except propaganda and military science. In their ranks is no one who was ever a major figure in diplomacy, business, the professions, or the arts. Of the forty or fifty key men in the party, the overwhelming majority were either professional soldiers or veterans little acquainted with civilian jobs. Even Reich Bishop Ludwig Müller, now leading the Teuton Christians, was during the war an army chaplain in a German formation fighting with the Turks; after the war he was chaplain with the East Prussia Division of the Reichswehr, the part of the army that, persuaded by him, first embraced Hitlerism. Müller, rewarded for these services by the bishopric, is, he says in a new official handbook (Gehl: "Der Nationalsozialistische Staat"), determined to wipe out all "unchristian pacifism" from the church. In official photographs he wears, over his clerical robes, not only an iron cross but an iron crescent, gift of the grateful Turks and appropriate reminder of the neo-paganism of the Nazis.

Such men are not bookish; they have derived their philosophy of force not from Nietzsche but from No Man's Land. They are soldiers who never found their way back from the trenches to a good berth. Some were cast out by the army when it was reduced; others would have beaten their swords to pruning-hooks, perhaps, but harvests were few in defeated and impoverished Germany. A few, not in the war, were made as homeless by the ensuing chaos; they too were "surplus men," a class more menacing, if less discussed, than surplus women. They hated peace and liberal society, in which they failed to carve careers; they thirsted for revenge on their own countrymen as well as on France. After the war they lived dangerously on the fringes of society, exercising the only trade they knew, hell-raising, as outlaws or, as they prefer, "martyrs, who for years have

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known no security either of property or life . . . steel hardened in the flames of combat."

Upon their assumption of power they were a band of heroes risen from a night of anonymity; not even Hitler had reached the German "Who's Who." Since then a large part of their energies has gone into telling the German nation who its new masters are. This is by now sufficiently clear: they are *Landsknechte.*

Their resemblance to *Landsknechte,* the brawling brawn-salesmen of the Thirty Years' War, is so obvious that they notice it themselves. But they beg to be called, instead, "political soldiers." The Nazi Reitmann explains: "The *Landsknecht* puts his strength at the service of a material aim . . . the SA man is the modern type of political soldier." We are fully justified in drawing a sociological parallel between the Nazi movement and the plague of *Landsknechte* three hundred years ago; they ask us only to grant, if we can, that these purified swordsmen today are wholly oblivious to their gaping pockets.

An idealist is Captain Ernst Röhm, leader of the SA division of the Brown Army, Reich Minister without portfolio. A professional soldier since 1908, he was hard hit by the diminution of the number of jobs in the army after 1918—he had to sell his sword to Bolivia—but he never grumbles about cash aspects. He was concerned purely with the "degradation" of the army's "prestige" by a vulgar republic. "The Soldier must take precedence over the Politician," and a big new war of honor must be begun: "If Europe and all the rest of the world sink in flames, what is that to us?" The Captain is as careless of humanitarian as of pecuniary considerations.

In his autobiography (1928) Röhm calls himself "a political soldier": "I regard the world from my soldierly standpoint. Consciously one-sided." He cracks many a praetorian jest: "Peace broke out again in Bolivia. That was very painful." He avows: "War and upheaval simply make more appeal to me than good bourgeois orderliness." Sensational letters about his relations with boys, published over a year ago by the *Welt am Montag,* have never been contested by Röhm.

To the type embodied by Röhm conform most of the Nazi chieftains; and this grim collection of embittered and embattled bachelors was fitly headed by Adolf Hitler, now Chancellor, a projection of their composite image. Behind Hitler stood professional soldiers. All the external decorations, the pageantry, oratory, fanaticism of Teutons and "ardent youth" should not disguise the fact that the movement has a steel core; it was "put across" by regular-army men, arch-reactionaries who hated democracy because it had shorn the army of its old might, and who used the Nazi movement as the instrument of the army's revenge upon democracy.

General von Epp, Statthalter of Bavaria, is the second of the great trio of army Nazis. An old hand at suppression, before the war he crushed Chinese and Hottentots; after it he formed the Bavarian Reichswehr to put down revolts in Munich, Hamburg, and the Ruhr. But when he incited his troops against the republic he was dismissed from the army and joined the white hope of all jobless *soldateska*—Hitler.

Hermann Göring, Prussian Minister-President and Aviation Minister, was a war ace, just made general to go with his gorgeous new uniforms. Also a military adventurer, he is, like Röhm, accused of a secret vice, morphinism, which, impressive documents are adduced to show, once confined him in an asylum and deprived him of the custody of his son. His public vice is ambition. His adoring biographer, Sommerfeldt, shows him sitting in a sumptuous red-and-gold room just beneath "a gigantic German hangman's sword," facing "the picture of Napoleon, whose visage often at night by candlelight leads him to dream. . . . This is Göring the Romantic." He is pestered by the great: "Now Thyssen . . . Prince Bismarck . . . a Minister . . . the Crown Prince invites him to dinner at Potsdam."

Such is Göring the Romantic, almost a legendary figure with his new forty-room villa, tennis courts, riding paths, granted him by the state—not to mention the airplane industry. The once poor *Landsknecht* now directs the terror in the morning, dines with a prince in the evening, and returns home to sit dreaming under a hangman's sword of a fellow-condottiere, the Corsican.

This great trio have used lesser legionaries. Philipp Bouhler, the party business manager, after war service tried three semesters of philology but "heard the voice of the Leader" and answered because "he is one of those who could never find peace in narrow bourgeois boundaries." Major Walter Buch, who headed a board to arbitrate party disputes, and Wilhelm Brückner, party leader in Silesia, were professional soldiers. Julius Schaub, Hitler's own bodyguard, was trained as an apothecary but never mixed a pill after the war. Rudolf Hess, acting party leader and Reich Minister, after the war joined anti-Semitic rowdies until he got shot in the leg; checked by this, he had thoughts of becoming a merchant but met Hitler and fought many beer-parlor combats, in one of which "a seidel of beer was set so ungently upon his head that a deep wound had to be sewed and even today on this spot no hairs grow." The Reich organization leader, now a Secretary of State, Colonel Konstantin Hierl, was an elderly drill-master who was put out of the army for subversive activities, joined Hitler, and in 1929 hymned war as the law of life.

This galaxy of rebel soldiers was aided by political terrorists, now rewarded. Manfred von Killinger, who aided the murderers of Rathenau, is now Statthalter of Saxony; Count Helldorf, who was responsible for the Berlin pogrom of 1931, is now police president of Potsdam; Oberleutnant Schulz, political terrorist, condemned by German courts for the murder of sundry poor wretches but freed, is now a high party leader in Silesia; his pal, Heines, who shot down one victim with his own hand and was also condemned, is now police president of Breslau. These deeds are the boast of the Nazi press; all that enemies can add to charges against Heines is that he was once thrown out of the Nazi Party for immoral relations with boys.

Below these leaders and prominent characters is a stratum of minor men who have not met an official Plutarch. They were two-fisted berserkers who wrought havoc untold among the beer mugs of Berlin, but all we know about most of them is: "Intellectual know-it-alls were not too numerous in these circles."

Some unstable characters appeared among men recruited from returned soldiery and reeducated in violence. The *Deutsche Freiheit* for August 3, 1933, gives a long list of party leaders said to have been condemned by German courts for aberrant behavior. On the extensive list are, for instance, Hermann Held, Youth leader, arrested in February,

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1932, in Hofgeismar for sexual abuse of over a hundred children; Klemens Hessberger, leader of the Jungsturm in Halle an der Saale, condemned to prison for repeated offenses against youths in his care, one of whom was sent to a hospital; Ludwig Rauschoff, leader of the Munich Youth group, condemned December, 1931, for five instances of abuse of youths.

Supplementing these cohorts are clever propaganda-technicians who, though not all ex-soldiers, were all disgruntled and footloose and animated by hatred of a society in which they had proved failures. Goebbels was barred from the war by a clubfoot, Rosenberg and Hanfstängl by foreign birth or residence, and Feder by a duel in which "a piece of skull covering was smashed through."

The genius of Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels found no outlet in republican Germany, where the art of Barnum was in small repute and belles-lettres were guarded by ribald critics allowed to run around without muzzles. Goebbels's novel, "Michael," was received with a chorus of jeers; it was a screed against learned women and the absurd notion that Christ could have been a Jew. The little, dark-haired, crippled Goebbels conceived a big blond, bellicose hero who convinced opponents in this fashion: "I am stronger than he. Now I seize him by the gullet. I fling him to earth. There he lies! Gasping, with bloodshot eyes. Die, thou carcass! I stamp in his skull." The hero of Goebbels's novel triumphed in Berlin: "I am no longer a man. I am a titan. A god!" And then the dream came true. Goebbels is no longer a man. He is a titan, a god. His detractors are in jail and his play is performed, to empty houses but to the frenzied applause of all surviving dramatic critics. He is supreme ruler over film, radio, theater, literature, and the greatest publishing house in the world, Ullstein's. As Propaganda Minister he can play the international Brown Barnum.

Alfred Rosenberg, head of the Foreign Office, official mystic, was an adventurer who taught drawing in Reval until he too found Hitler and began to edit the party paper, besides writing "The Crime of Freemasonry," "Immortality in the Talmud," "Houston Stewart Chamberlain as Prophet and Founder of a German Future," and other weighty tomes.

Gottfried Feder, a Secretary of State, barred from the war by insufficient skull covering, studied engineering and seems even to have supported a family, but he had plenty of time to "lay behind him 265,000 kilometers, which is the equivalent of a trip nine times around the world" in the service of Hitler. Walter Darré had one chance, after his war service was over, to enter a civilian career, but he flunked it. He was expelled in 1929 from the Königsberg Landwirtschaftskammer for incompetence. A few months after his disgrace he followed the well-beaten path to the Great Leader and became agricultural expert of the Brown House, with the delicate job of stirring up the yokelry while placating the Junkers.

Darré did this well. His Renewal of Nobility, an article in Hitler's monthly in August, 1931, declared that Germany without her aristocrats would be "a torso without a head, the hapless booty of better-led peoples." The early Teutons had aristocrats; so would the Nazis. They would give them "the possibility of passing their tested leader-blood on to a numerous progeny" and of rearing that progeny "in healthy circumstances . . . the fullest kind of socialism in the German sense." Now Darré is Minister of Agriculture and busy explaining to peasants that all Nazi promises to them were meant "in the German sense."

Max Amann, director of the party publishing activities, after his return from the front did find a small post in a land bank, but chancing to meet Hitler in Munich and summoned by him to "help smoke out the sow stall," he replied with a hearty "You can count on me." Gregor Strasser, formerly a national organizer for the party, was a disappointed druggist who, intriguing among veterans, met Hitler and now is director of a great Berlin chemical firm which is accused of producing poison gas under the guise of "pharmaceutical preparations." Julius Lippert, chief writer of the *Angriff*, is soldierly: "He would fit well at the head of a storm troop." He was a veteran, jobless. Ernst F. Hanfstängl, half-American adviser to Goebbels on propaganda for export, had composed a march dedicated to Hitler and obtained "the permission never before accorded a German house, of photographing pictures in the Louvre"; he is also famous for having traveled more widely than other Nazis.

Three culture experts have been rewarded with the guardianship of the new Germanic soul. Dr. Ley, a notorious rowdy and drunkard, condemned once by regular courts for assault, is leader of the German Labor Front. Dr. Leers, head of the renovated Hochschule für Politik in Berlin, is author of an illustrated work, "Juden Sehen Dich An," containing pictures of Elizabeth Bergner, Einstein, and others captioned by appropriate remarks, such as "not yet hanged." Dr. Rust, a veteran who early joined the Nazis, had been dismissed by a former Prussian government; he seems to have been involved in some case involving a sex offense and was able to plead in extenuation that he was not responsible for his acts. Testimony as to his incapacity for self-restraint was offered by the psychiatrist Professor Förster, of Berlin University, who cannot, however, be consulted further since he has committed suicide. Rust is now Prussian Culture Minister and is reforming the schools along early Teutonic lines. He recently told teachers: "Not social science, current events . . . do we intend to teach—but defense geography, race lore."

Such are the party leaders proper, the nucleus of defeated men around which gathered "shadow plants" of every description. About the Nazi movement as a focus of frustration clustered unpublished novelists, unheard singers, unfashionable architects, an inglorious diplomat, a beaten general, spear-carrying supers of the stage, unadvanced professors, doctors without practices, and noblemen without equipages. On the outer periphery was formed a "lunatic fringe" of Bible-burners, phrenologists, and exponents of the early Teutonic science of rune-healing.

Two overshadowed littérateurs turned Nazi. Hanns Johst, once a radical pacifist, did penance by glorifying Schlageter, was soon after made Nazi intendant of theaters, and got his plays produced at last. The other was Hanns Heinz Ewers, formerly known jocularly as Hanns Heinz Sewers because of his pornographic novels, such as "Vampire," and his unabridged editions of "Love Life and Love Customs in India," "Arabian Love Life—the Perfumed Garden of Sheik Nafzaui," and so on. He had admired Jews and in 1912 had written: "The closest possible assimilation of the two races appears to me very desirable. . . . Since nature will have it so, it is quite certainly desirable." Now

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he has made up for all previous lubricity or liberalism by immortalizing, in a novel, Horst Wessel.

Appropriately, Johst and Ewers knelt before Schlageter and Wessel. It is a symbolic picture: two literary *Landsknechte* prostrate before two political adventurers. Leo Schlageter wandered after the war to Upper Silesia, to the "Gruppe Hauenstein," which is said to have achieved 200 political murders. He is said to have served as spy for the Polish War Ministry. He tried to enter civilian life by doing business in illicit weapons, but his partners eloped with the cash; bankrupt and footloose, he executed sabotage acts in the Ruhr for high pay from Berlin patriots, but not as a patriot himself, if one believes the protocols of the French Ruhr police published recently in the Paris *Temps,* in which he is shown repudiating patriotic motives and betraying his comrades in the hope (vain) of saving his own skin.

Horst Wessel, says his Nazi biographer Reitmann, "in 1926 came to the National Socialists not out of knowledge but disappointment" with underground defense leagues like the Bismarckbund and the Black Reichswehr. He led the Nazis nightly to attack in the slums of Berlin. He was an underworld character who lived with, and perhaps on, a Communist lady of the pavements, Erna Jänicke, a curious fact which is explained by Reitmann as "an over-great and extreme idealism. A man of such moral strength as Horst Wessel could, without taking harm to his soul, descend into the deepest depths of human life." This descent was cut short by a bullet in 1930; he preferred death to a Jewish doctor.

Such are the two men now held up as ideals to all the male youth of the Reich. Schlageter, though never a Nazi, is honored by an eternal flame at Kaiserswerth, fed by the pennies of every Hitler lad. Wessel's marching song is the national hymn. They are the sacred twain, the Castor and Pollux whom the Nazi storm troopers, like the old Roman legionaries, see fighting in the skies above them. In them the Nazi *Landsknechte* recognize, with profoundly right instinct, their own images.

Like their heroes, the Nazis are friends neither to peace nor to organized society; they are unfettered by ties of family, property, or social responsibility; they are not attached, as even the most bellicose of former rulers were, to feudal estates, or bred in a chivalric code that imposed a certain respect for women and set other bounds to action. They form an "iron-collar proletariat" for a parallel to which one must look far—backward to the Thirty Years' War or eastward to China. No European land in recent times has been harried by so footloose and irresponsible a soldiery as that which now governs Germany from the guardhouse.

Who Owns Connecticut?

By ALBERT LEVITT

THE State of Connecticut is owned by the Connecticut Electric Service Company. This is not a rhetorical statement. It is a practical truth. The Connecticut Electric Service Company, by the express terms of its charter and by the express terms of the charters of its subsidiaries, particularly the Connecticut Light and Power Company, can take any land that it wants from the citizens of the State. The owners of the land cannot make any effective protest or objection in the courts. Furthermore, the company, through the political machine built up and bossed by J. Henry Roraback, president of the company, controls both houses of the General Assembly, dictates to the Governor, and manipulates the other executive and administrative officials as it sees fit. Not even the judiciary escapes. Judgeships in the town and city courts are the spoils of political deals. Appointments to the Court of Common Pleas are the rewards of political regularity and service to the dominant political machine. At times even positions on the bench of the Superior Court have been the reward for "service rendered" and the outcome of political "deals" which have been rotten in the extreme. Most of the judges of the Superior Court, however, assert and maintain freedom and independence from political control. And the judges of the Supreme Court of Errors have always been above suspicion. However, few persons can afford to start legal actions and carry them to the upper courts; so that personal and political rights are violated by the company, and there is no practical way of getting genuine redress for those who have been injured.

Mr. Roraback was elected chairman of the Republican State Central Committee in Connecticut in 1912. He did not come into control of the State until 1915. From 1911 to 1915 the Honorable Simeon Baldwin, a Democrat and retired Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Errors, was Governor. During Governor Baldwin's incumbency the old Railroad Commission was reconstructed and named the Public Utilities Commission. At the same time splendid laws designed to protect the people of the State from continued exploitation by the public-service corporations were passed. From time to time there have been enacted additional laws intended to give the Public Utilities Commission greater power and control over the public-service corporations.

But from 1915, when Mr. Roraback came into power by defeating the Democrats, until the present time the commission has steadily taken the position that it cannot move to regulate the public-service corporations until complaints are made by the patrons of the companies or by the State or by the companies themselves. The corporations did not need to bring rate cases as they could fix any rates they chose. When they filed the rates with the commission, the rates were in effect. The commission did not question them in any way or regulate them in any respect. The customers of the companies had to pay whatever the companies charged.

The State did not start rate cases because up to 1931 all the Governors were Republican. They were "made" by Mr. Roraback and did nothing to injure or antagonize him through the Public Utilities Commission. Indeed, the last Republican Governor was the Honorable John H. Trumbull, who held office for six years. Mr. Trumbull was president of several public-service corporations all the time he held office. He sold his businesses to the Connecticut Light and Power Company, and is now a director in that company. Of course he did nothing to make the commission

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reduce the rates charged by the public-service corporations.

The patrons are deterred from starting rate cases by the high costs involved—costs which are promptly thrust back upon the patrons by the companies. In a recent case initiated by the patrons and just completed before the commission, the company involved stated that it had expended $50,000 in defending itself before the commission. It wished therefore to amortize this amount at the rate of $10,000 a year for the next five years. The commission held that the sum of $50,000 was more than the company should have expended, but it did not say what the proper amount would have been. And it allowed the company to include in its operating expenses, as amortization of the expense of the rate case, the sum of $5,000 a year for an indefinite period of years. The practical result is that the patrons cannot and dare not start a rate case. It is interesting to note that in this same case the patrons raised by popular subscription, through the collection of nickels, dimes, and quarters, plus a few gifts of larger sums, the $685 necessary to put through the rate case.

In 1930 the Democrats nominated for Governor Wilbur L. Cross, former dean of the Graduate School of Yale University. Mr. Cross campaigned vigorously. Two of his most important planks related to Mr. Roraback's control of the State and to the light-and-power situation. Mr. Cross promised the people that if elected he would be Governor in fact as well as in name; that he would not enter into any deals with the Roraback machine; that he would make the Public Utilities Commission do its duty and protect the interests of the people; and above all, that he would not under any circumstances reappoint to the Public Utilities Commission Joseph L. Alsop, then serving, whose term of office would expire in July, 1931. This last promise is of importance, as will be shown later.

Mr. Cross was elected. But no other Democrats were elected to State office. And both houses of the General Assembly had a Republican majority. The fighting spirit of Mr. Cross oozed away. In his inaugural address he stated that he interpreted the election results as a mandate to him to enter into a "partnership" with the Republicans and that he would do so. He did so. He became a cog in the wheel of the Roraback machine. He called into conference Harry E. Mackenzie, the right-hand man of Mr. Roraback. Mr. Mackenzie discussed patronage. The Governor was told that he could have nothing whatever, that the Republican General Assembly would strip him of his powers, and that his nominations for public office would not be confirmed unless he reappointed Mr. Alsop to the Public Utilities Commission. The Governor haggled, dickered, and begged. But Mr. Mackenzie was adamant. Days went by. The Governor's power to appoint the lower-court judges was taken away. Then he surrendered. He agreed to reappoint Mr. Alsop and to make three other major appointments dictated by Mr. Mackenzie. But he had to "save face." He did so by sending in the name of Professor Richard J. Smith of the Yale Law School as his nominee for the post of Public Utilities Commissioner. He knew that Mr. Smith would not be confirmed. Mr. Smith was not confirmed. More days went by. The Governor insisted that it was his right to appoint a Democrat to the Public Utilities Commission. Mr. Mackenzie agreed.

This was the situation. The Public Utilities Commission consisted of three members. The chairman was Richard T. Higgins, a former Democrat, whose appointment did not expire until July 1, 1935. The second member was Charles C. Elwell, a Republican, whose term did not expire until July 1, 1933. The third member was also a Republican, Joseph W. Alsop, whose term expired July 1, 1931. Mr. Elwell was in the hospital. Mr. Mackenzie sent him word that he had to resign his position on the commission. Mr. Elwell pleaded his faithful service to the Roraback machine, that he was ill, that he had no means of support except his salary as a commissioner, and that he had done nothing to deserve having his job taken away from him. But Mr. Mackenzie insisted. Mr. Elwell resigned. The resignation was handed to the Governor on Friday morning, May 1, 1931. That day Governor Cross sent in the nomination of Mr. Alsop and of Edwy Taylor, a former engineer with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. The Governor "saved face." A dying man lost his job. The secretary to the Governor issued a statement on behalf of the Governor which said that the Governor "was happy that the situation was thus terminated. From the outset he would have been glad to reappoint Mr. Alsop if there had been two places. The unexpected vacancy permitted him to do it and to make an original appointment, which he felt as Governor he had the right to make." Thus the Governor's campaign pledge that "under no circumstances would he reappoint Mr. Alsop" was broken.

The newly constituted commission continued to do nothing. So did the Governor, as far as the light-and-power situation was concerned. In 1932 the Governor was renominated. Again in his campaign he stressed the light-and-power issue and the need to break the dominance of the Roraback machine. Again he was elected. And this time the Senate had a Democratic majority of one. The House had again a strong Republican majority. There was a deadlock. The Senate refused to allow the General Assembly to organize. The Governor once more called in Mr. Mackenzie. It transpired that three of the Democratic Senators belonged to the Roraback wing of the Democratic Party. They had entered into a "deal" in regard to the judgeships of the local courts. They too took their orders from Mr. Mackenzie. Mr. Mackenzie spoke. The Senate allowed the organization of the General Assembly. Once more the Governor sent in his bills to allow the Public Utilities Commission to institute rate cases on its own motion, to give the commission control of the issuance of securities of public-service corporations, and to have a commission appointed to investigate the light-and-power situation. All his bills were defeated. When the "deal" concerning the minor judgeships was disclosed publicly, the Governor protested. But he was promptly reminded by the Republican majority floor leader of the House that protests and high-minded indignation ill became him, since he, the Governor, had tried to make similar "deals" earlier in the session and had failed.

The irony of the situation is this. At any time after Governor Cross took office in 1931 he could have invoked and used an explicit and clearly worded statute which gives the Governor the power to start an investigation into the rates and charges imposed by the light-and-power companies. That statute had been repeatedly called to his attention. He had been urged to use it. But he ignored the entire situation. Evidently he had no real desire to curb the light-and-power companies. His campaign pledges were political guff.

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The practical result of this domination of Connecticut politics by the light-and-power interests is that the people of the State have been filched of millions of dollars in unreasonable rates and in the avoidance of tax payments. Here are the facts. Under the law of Connecticut all corporations are under a duty to pay local taxes upon the real and personal property they own. The average tax rate throughout the State is 24.7 mills, but in order to make a fair allowance for the fact that some of the property owned by the public-service corporations may be in towns with a lower tax rate, I think it proper to consider the average tax rate as 20 mills.

Every light-and-power company is under a legal duty to make an annual return to the Public Utilities Commission showing the financial condition of the business, its operation, and its property, with taxes paid on that property. This return is made under oath by an official of the company. The Connecticut Light and Power Company reported that its "fixed capital" amounted to $79,452,653 as of December 31, 1930. By "fixed capital" it means "the cost of land, buildings, equipment, poles and fixtures, wires, cables, gas mains, services, meters, transformers, transportation equipment, storeroom equipment, and all other property and equipment used in the operation of the company's business, exclusive of property received under lease." All these items are subject to local taxation. If the 20-mill tax is taken as the average in the State, the Connecticut Light and Power Company should have paid taxes to the amount of $1,589,053 for the year ending December 31, 1930. But it actually paid only $476,199. For the year ending December 31, 1931, the Connecticut Light and Power Company reported the valuation of its "fixed capital" as $85,655,392. A 20-mill tax calls for payment of $1,713,107. The company actually paid $472,858.

Similar discrepancies are discoverable in the tax payments of the other companies. The following table gives the taxes avoided by the leading public-service corporations in Connecticut, for the year ending December 31, 1931. The basis is the fixed-capital valuation as reported by the companies to the Public Utilities Commission, under oath. The assumed tax rate is 20 mills.

Company	*Amount of Tax Avoided*
Bridgeport Gas Light	$ 7,856
Manchester Electric	8,171
Danbury and Bethel Gas and Electric	13,829
New Britain Gas Light	23,000
New Haven Gas Light	31,529
Northern Connecticut Power	74,361
Bridgeport Hydraulic	213,235
Hartford Electric Light	268,065
United Illuminating	296,935
Connecticut Light and Power	1,240,249
TOTAL	$2,177,230

The facts with regard to excessive rates charged by the Connecticut light-and-power companies are not so easy to arrive at. There are three factors to consider. First, there is the rate base, which consists of the value of the property used and usable in the public service. We have had no rate cases in Connecticut which involved the larger companies. In the absence of court and commission findings the only figures we have are those found in the official reports filed by the companies themselves, under oath, with the Public Utilities Commission. The companies should not complain if we take their figures as accurate. Second, there is the rule of law that in finding the rate base all sums set aside for retirement purposes shall be deducted from the value of the property used and usable in the public service. Here again there may be some difference of opinion as to what is or is not a retirement reserve. But, once more, the companies cannot complain if we take their figures at face value. Thirdly, we must consider the net return to the company. This is found by getting at the net income. This net income must be a reasonable return on the rate base, one giving the company a net return of somewhere between 6 and 8 per cent of the rate base. The companies cannot object if we accept the highest figure thus far allowed by the courts of the country, which is 8 per cent.

As there are no other figures available I have used the annual reports filed by the companies with the Public Utilities Commission, and have used, as required by the law of public utilities, the following formula: Illegal overcharge is equal to the net income less 8 per cent of the value of the property used and usable in the public service, minus the retirement reserve. For example: The United Illuminating Company, operating in Connecticut, reports for the year ending December 31, 1925, that it had property used and usable in the public service to the amount of $14,901,744. Its retirement reserve was $1,440,554. Deducting the retirement reserve from the property used and usable in the public service gives the sum of $13,461,190 as a rate base. Eight per cent of this is $1,076,895.28, which is the amount of net income to which the company was legally entitled that year. But it actually received the sum of $1,665,884. This represents an overcharge to its patrons of $588,989 for 1925.

The aggregate amount of the overcharges in two of the principal companies is almost incredible. Here are the facts. The United Illuminating Company for the years 1925 to 1930, inclusive, overcharged its patrons to the amount of $5,500,394. The Hartford Electric Light Company system during the same years (1925 to 1930, inclusive) overcharged its patrons $6,125,435. For the year 1931 the Hartford Electric Light Company system overcharged its patrons $2,359,365. From 1925 to 1933 these two systems alone have taken from the people of Connecticut, without any proper reason, more than $14,000,000.

The way in which the companies have been built up is shown by the history of the Manchester Electric Company. The figures are taken from the sworn testimony in the rate case involving this company which the Public Utilities Commission heard early in 1933. The company was organized in 1893. Stock was sold to the amount of $10,000. In 1903 more stock to the value of $30,000 was issued to pay for the acquisition of a neighboring small company. Then $40,000 was borrowed for the business. In July, 1913, stock to pay for the note on which this sum was borrowed was issued. This made a total of $80,000 which the owners of the company had put into the company in money or money's worth. From that day on not another cent was invested in the company by the owners themselves. All the rest of the increase in assets and other values came through the rates which the customers of the company paid. This investment of $80,000 has brought an amazing return to the owners of the company; in less than twenty years it has amounted to $2,000,000. The detailed returns are as follows:

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From 1913 to 1929, inclusive, there were issued, out of surplus, stock dividends to the amount of $480,000. In addition, regular cash dividends amounting to $459,460 were paid. The surplus account increased by $91,631. This makes a total of $1,031,091. In addition, the fixed-capital account grew from $117,000 in 1913 to $868,284 in 1931, an increase of $757,284. The retirement reserve grew from $22,230 to $250,599, an increase of $228,369. This makes an increase, in total, of $985,653. Every dollar of this came from the pockets of the patrons of the company.

The Manchester Electric Company is a small company, but the large companies were built up in a similar manner. Mr. Roraback's control of politics in the State of Connecticut not only pays his companies handsome dividends but benefits the other companies as well. The people of the State pay the bills. They are beginning to realize what their vassalage is costing them. In course of time they will act and free themselves.

In the Driftway

DURING and just after the World War there was a great deal of talk about our changing morals. It wasn't all talk either. The change was real and rapid, so much so as legitimately to be called a revolution. The revolution in morals of the war and post-war years was primarily in sex relations. From that we went on to a new attitude toward liquor. While nominally trying to suppress the liquor traffic during the Dry Decade, we were actually developing a more tolerant sentiment toward it. Repeal was not the result merely of the fiasco of enforcement, as some suppose. Along with this influence was a feeling of less hostility toward liquor *per se*. Perhaps the nauseousness of near-beer and the violence of synthetic whiskey brought a reaction in favor of bock and bourbon. Anyhow the old American concept that alcoholic drinks were undiluted poison mellowed into the European conviction that sound liquor might be comforting, exhilarating, and harmless. With this change in attitude came a woman's-rights movement in drinking. In our speakeasies and homes women acquired during the Dry Decade every right to drink and get jingled possessed by men, so that when repeal was accomplished, the coeducational bar came into existence almost without remark or awareness that it constituted a moral revolution as profound as the reestablishment of liquor itself.

* * * * *

JUST as the war years brought a revolution in sex relations and the Dry Decade a new tolerance toward liquor, the depression has produced another shift in morals of little less importance. Gambling, once rated among the major vices, seems to have become respectable or, more accurately to have been restored to at least the respectability it enjoyed up to fifty years ago. The House of Representatives lately passed a bill permitting horse racing—which means betting—in the District of Columbia, an action it would not have dreamed of taking a few years ago. Almost simultaneously the New York Legislature passed a measure to legalize again open betting at the race tracks of the State, thus harking back to the good old days before Charles the Baptist (now Chief Justice Hughes) decided to reform the people by putting the temptation to try to get something for nothing out of their way. Meanwhile, all over the country, there seems to be an upsurge in favor of government lotteries. Correspondents are writing to newspapers urging the advantage of raising public revenue through lotteries, and legislators are introducing bills to make them legal. The Drifter finds himself tolerably sympathetic toward the movement. When he is abroad he generally participates in any government lottery available, and has not so far been ruined by winning such formidable stakes as to lead him to give up work for a life of ease and dissolute habits. He knows, too, that government lotteries may be, and are, fairly conducted, with only a fixed and reasonable percentage taken out for operating expenses and profit. Considerable revenues are raised and devoted to good causes, as in the case of the city of Paris, which supports its philanthropies by wise exploitation of the public propensity to gamble.

* * * * *

DOUBTLESS the present difficulty in raising governmental revenues through taxation is one explanation for the sudden advocacy of lotteries, but the Drifter surmises there is another, more subtle, reason. There was a time when people were advised, probably rightly, not to throw away their money taking gamblers' chances, but to invest it in sound real estate or safe bonds and watch it grow. Probably many who lived and died before Coolidge prosperity profited by this technique, but those who survived into the depression era have seen their "guaranteed" mortgages and "gilt-edged" securities tossed on the scrap heap along with the tawdriest mining stock, while their banks—looted by the officers through extortionate salaries, bonuses, and personal loans—no longer paid deposits once thought to be secure as Gibraltar. Is it any wonder that the average man turns away from a financial system in which he was an all-day sucker to risk his money in an honest gamble where he has at least one chance in a hundred to win?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"A Monument to Paris"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Lewis Galantière writes so sympathetically about a translator's trials and troubles that I hesitate to fall out with him; but his remarks about my translation of "Passion's Pilgrims," by Jules Romains, in your issue of February 14 raise an issue so fundamentally important that I feel bound to reply to them. May I make an illustrative point?

> The only "perfect" translations are completely free translations. Warre B. Wells has deliberately chosen to cleave to his text. . . . I happen to believe that this is a mistake: to translate, for example, *rien de tout ça by* "nothing of all that," or *sonorité de cailloux* (meaning plangent) by "sonority of shingle" is simply to write not-English."

I happen—since Mr. Galantière will drag the quite unarguable question of "ear" into it—to dislike the word "plangent"; and I am sure any number of people have only the haziest idea what it means. On the other hand, "sonority of shingle"

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is, of course, unusual; but I have yet to learn that the unusual is necessarily "not English"; and it conveys, in the context which Mr. Galantière does not quote, precisely one of those sudden word-pictures, one of those evocative associations of idea, at which M. Romains excels. All at once you *see* a Mediterranean beach. Are we to forgo that vision—for the sake of "plangent"? Ugh! as Mr. Galantière would say. If a translator should keep his ear on his eye, Mr. Galantière seems to be in need of keeping his eye on his ear.

There is, alas, no such thing as a "perfect" translation. A completely free translation is not a translation; it is a paraphrase. It is my considered opinion, especially in the case of an author like Jules Romains, whose style is so closely wedded to his thought, that a translator has no right to paraphrase that thought in his own style. He is entitled to take liberties with the author's mode of expressing his thought only if he is driven to do so for the sake of clarity in his own language.

Paris, March 15 WARRE B. WELLS

Angelo Herndon

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Nearly two years ago Angelo Herndon, a young Negro worker, was arrested in Atlanta and charged with "inciting insurrection," under a pre-Civil War slave law, following his organization of white and colored unemployed workers in a successful demonstration for relief. The State of Georgia asked for the death penalty. The jury gave him eighteen to twenty years on the Georgia chain gang. Such a sentence is equivalent to a death penalty. An appeal filed by the International Labor Defense was finally heard last October by the Georgia State Supreme Court. No decision on this appeal has yet been given by the court.

Letters from Herndon, from Fulton Tower, Atlanta, where he is kept in the former condemned row, describing his conditions show that he is gradually growing blind in jail. He is unable to keep the prison food on his stomach.

The International Labor Defense has written to the Governor, the Prison Commissioner, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, and to the Warden of Fulton Tower protesting against the torture of Herndon in prison and demanding immediate action on his appeal. Copies of these letters were sent to the Atlanta papers with a request that the prison conditions be investigated, but nothing has resulted. May we ask your readers to support these demands, in letters addressed to these officials?

To help further in the relief of Angelo Herndon and the scores of other political prisoners in the United States, denied even recognition of their status as political prisoners except for the purpose of special tortures, send in your contribution to the Prisoners' Relief Department of the I. L. D., Room 430, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York.

New York, April 5 LOUIS COLMAN

"Deservedly or Undeservedly"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An error in copyreading made one sentence of my article, The Place of Labor in the Auto Industry, in *The Nation* for April 4, read in part: "the unsavory reputation that Frank X. Martel, president of the Detroit Federation of Labor, has deservedly built up in local politics." The phrase "deservedly or undeservedly" was included in my copy.

Incidentally, it might interest your readers to know that Mr. Martel was recently renominated for his office without opposition.

Detroit, April 8 SAMUEL ROMER

Finance

A Lesson for Van Sweringen Bond-Holders

THE Van Sweringen brothers, astute wielders of vast financial power through the manipulation of other people's money, are at present endeavoring to teach an important group of security holders in the Alleghany Corporation, the key holding company in the Van Sweringen railroad empire, that a bond, even when equipped with a fancy title, need not carry with it the protective safeguards implied by its name. On their success or failure hinges in large part the continued control of two billion dollars' worth of railroad property by the Van Sweringens and their banking masters, headed by J. P. Morgan and Company.

To the long-suffering security holders of the Alleghany Corporation, this information cannot come as an unexpected blow. The unfortunate individuals who purchased the $24,532,000 worth of collateral-trust convertible 5 per cent bonds of the Alleghany Corporation, due in 1950, long ago saw the piece of paper which they purchased as a bond, but which was secured only by highly speculative collateral, decline in market value to as low as 4 per cent of par. At present their holdings are quoted at about 44 per cent of par. Having suffered this depreciation in the value of their investment, the holders of the Alleghany bonds of 1950 are now threatened with drastic reduction in the income from their investment. The explanation is simply that the collateral behind the bonds is now yielding an annual income of only $113,000, compared with the annual interest requirement of $1,226,000 on the issue. Confronted by this impasse, with its direct threat of default, the astute Van Sweringen brothers, acting no doubt on the advice of their equally astute banking masters, are now proposing that the holders of the bonds accept in lieu of interest for the next five years preferred stock of an equivalent face value to the interest—but of a market value which would be largely theoretical in view of the wide discrepancy between Alleghany's present asset value and its already existing debt.

This plan is tantamount to a waiver by the bond-holders of all rights to legal recourse for non-payment of interest until 1939. In return, those who accept the plan could realize on part of their interest for the five years by selling their preferred stock in the open market—at a substantial discount. If they retained the stock, they would be entitled to receive, but would not receive without a sharp recovery in Alleghany's earnings, cumulative annual dividends of 5 per cent, equivalent to an annual return of 1¼ per cent on their original investment. In addition, as a sop to whatever speculative appetite is left in Alleghany bond-holders, the plan offers a privilege of conversion into common stock, a privilege which would be attractive only in the remote event that Alleghany common should again acquire a tangible value.

The Van Sweringens and their learned advisers have of course advanced numerous reasons why the bond-holders should accept this generous offer. Their main argument is that the plan would avoid default of interest on the bonds on October 1 and thus would eliminate the "possibility" of a forced sale of the collateral behind the issue, with "probable" sacrifice of value. The real reasoning behind the plan, as differentiated from the

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sales arguments presented to the bond-holders, is characteristic of the methods employed by intrenched control when its continued sway is threatened by the prior rights of the security holders who provided the funds for the financial adventure. This reasoning may be paraphrased as follows: The structure of the corporation which we sold to the public was so unsound and our management has been so unsuccessful in overcoming this unsoundness that we are no longer able to meet our obligations. However, if the bond-holders assert their legal rights as a result of non-payment of interest, our control of the enterprise may be destroyed. To avoid this catastrophe, we will ask the bond-holders to waive these rights and to accept instead of interest preferred stock against which no comparable legal rights can be asserted.

Should a default occur on the bonds of 1950, it is quite probable that subsequent developments might bring a partial loss of principal for the bond-holders. But the real calamity would be reserved for the Van Sweringens and their backers, who control the Van Sweringen railroad empire through ownership of a majority of the common stock of Alleghany. On March 10, 1934, the currently marketable securities owned by Alleghany had a value of $55,650,000, or about $22,300,000 less than the face value of its three outstanding bond issues. Junior to the bonds is $66,753,000 of preferred stock. In other words, a forced sale of the Alleghany collateral or a receivership reorganization of the company would inevitably bring disaster to the common stock.

Through this common stock the Van Sweringens control, directly or indirectly, the Chesapeake Corporation, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the Erie, the Nickel Plate, the Missouri Pacific, the Pere Marquette, and the other allied properties of their system. Moreover, destruction of Alleghany common would bring great discomfort to the banking group headed by J. P. Morgan and Company, which has loaned $40,000,000—on which interest is in arrears—to semi-private Van Sweringen holding companies principally on the security of a majority of the Alleghany common. The only actual value possessed by this stock lies in its voting power over the underlying operating properties. Consequently, if a forced sale or reorganization stripped this power from Alleghany common, Messrs. Morgan and associates would be left in the impossible position of usurping the public's traditional privilege of holding worthless slips of paper.

There is of course in theory no compulsion on the holders of the Alleghany bonds of 1950 to accept a one-sided bargain under which they make all the sacrifices and the chief potential sufferers from default make no concessions whatever. However, the history of similar deals in the past offers little hope to the small investor. To engage in a legal battle with Wall Street requires funds far beyond the means of the ordinary bond-holder. And unfortunately an impartial, disinterested authority to organize investors in their own interest is unknown in American finance. One unversed in Wall Street methods might suggest turning to the trustee of the bonds for protection. But such recourse would lead only to the Guaranty Trust Company, whose securities affiliate participated with J. P. Morgan and Company in the sale of the Alleghany bonds, and whose close alliance with the House of Morgan precludes the possibility of any interference. The web of important monopoly ignores the rights of the investing public if those rights threaten its control.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Correction

In an editorial paragraph in *The Nation* for April 18 concerning the Ross-Loos Clinic in Los Angeles appeared a statement that "the clinic now has 15,000 subscribers." This should have read 45,000 subscribers.—EDITORS THE NATION.

2nd Printing!

SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physicians to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

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THE SEX ORGANS (Male, Female)
SEX INTERCOURSE (Analysis, Nature, Methods, Frequency)
SEX DIFFICULTIES (Adjustment, Technique)
MARRIAGE (Sex Aspects, Instruction)
VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: In Men, In Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
VARYING SEX PRACTICES
SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence, Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
SEX DANGERS (Coitus Interruptus, reservatus; etc.)
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Books, Drama, Films

Death Piece

By THEODORE ROETHKE

Invention sleeps within a skull
No longer quick with light,
The hive that hummed in every cell
Is now sealed honey-tight.

His thought is tied, the curving prow
Of motion moored to rock;
And minutes burst upon a brow
Insentient to shock.

Epic of Doom

Journey to the End of the Night. By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Translated from the French by John H. P. Marks. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

NOVELS expressing dissatisfaction with the contemporary world are coming upon us thick and fast these days. Of all the novels written in the last fifty or more years, "Journey to the End of the Night" probably constitutes the most violent and all-embracing condemnation of modern civilization. The novel is a vast, sardonic, lyrical, obscene phantasmagoria in which one sees the whole modern world go marching to its doom. War, business, industry, cities, crowds, soldiers, tropical forests, colonial outposts, whore houses, factories, the slums and backwaters of civilization flash before the reader to the accompaniment of a jittery music:

> Now that one's chattering with cold, that mawkish music from the roundabout seizes the opportunity to jangle on one's nerves just a little more. The collapse of the whole world—that's what the confounded thing's giggling about.

There have been more perfect books on this theme, but nothing, within the covers of a single volume, so monumental, so inclusive, so swarming with sordid life, so appalling in its finality. The book is not a shrill harangue, a fierce accusation. It is a huge mountain of incidents drawn from many phases of contemporary life, held together by a cement of disenchanted commentary. The author has written it not with his brains but with his guts.

The story follows the adventures of Bardamu, the narrator, from the outbreak of the war down to the present. He is twenty when the book opens. When it ends he is incalculably old. He has lost all desire, all hope, all capacity to feel.

> Try as I might to lose my way, so as not to find myself face to face with my own life, I kept coming up against it everywhere. I met myself at every turn. My aimless pilgrimage was over now. Let others carry on the game! The world had closed. We had come to the end.

His "journey" is a quest—a quest for peace, for livelihood, for simple human affection. But it much more resembles flight—flight from death, from starvation, from disease, from menaces of all kinds, seen and unseen. The first hundred pages deal with the war, on the front and behind the lines. Bardamu, back in Paris on leave, becomes crazed with fear at the thought of returning to the front, and is confined for a time in an asylum for the mentally deranged. He is at last dismissed, "no longer any good at all," the doctors tell him. Unable to find a job in Paris, he goes to Africa. There, in an extraordinary world of heat, fever, dysentery, sweating Negroes, sadistic whites, filth, lust, greed, and death, which has the terrifying reality of a nightmare, he acquires insight into the capitalistic methods of colonial exploitation. He somehow escapes and gets to New York. From there he drifts to Detroit, where he gets a job in the Ford factory. After many dreary adventures he finally goes back to Paris, where he winds up as a third-rate and unsuccessful doctor in one of the squalid suburbs.

The reality of Bardamu as a character eats into one. He is the eternal under-dog, a nondescript individual without background, without any exceptional capacities, who faces life with a curious combination of naive candor and dark resignation. His voice, his speech are those of the poor, the downtrodden, the beaten. And in his restlessness, his "obsession to run away from everywhere in search of something, God knows what," in his "weakness in the head," in his fear psychosis, his abjectness, his gradual loss of human decency, of self-respect, and finally even of pity, he is a symbol of millions of men of our time. Around Bardamu swarm hundreds of other characters (that is the impression), sharply and poignantly drawn. The very settings are alive, with their smells and noises and decay.

"There are two human races on this earth, the rich and the poor," says Bardamu. It is the world of the poor that the book unfolds to us, a bleak world in which even suffering is devoid of greatness. We see the poor as creatures barely human—sickly, deformed, ugly, starved in body and soul, hovering on the verge of crime and calamity, preys to all the evil forces of the world. Here and there a glimmer of brightness, a flash of beauty: a landscape, a woman, a human character. But the hideous economic compulsions quickly seize and destroy everything fine and beautiful: "Almost every desire a poor man has is a punishable offense."

The 500 pages of the book, the blurb tells us, are a condensation of 50,000 pages of manuscript; but even as it stands it is a monumental record. The essential virtue of Céline's art lies in the extraordinary imagery, the inexhaustible flood of metaphor by which everything that it touches is recreated. With this goes a language more personal, rich, pungent, and brutal than anything that has come out of France, possibly, since the sixteenth century. It is the language that creates the effect of extraordinary scope, the mood of the endlessness of suffering and defeat.

Being a satire, the novel naturally distorts the picture of contemporary life. If the caricatured monsters that move through its pages are real, they are not true to life. And one does not expect them to be. The book creates at the outset a curious mood in which disbelief is suspended. Yet seen through Bardamu's restless, feverish, fear-haunted brain, the world portrayed has an essential truth. It is the depth of despair evoked through the consciousness of the characters rather than any exactitude in the portrayal of men and institutions that gives the book its value as a contemporary record.

Céline's thunder is tremendously impressive. And yet one is a little appalled to consider that he should have written 50,000 pages of manuscript and have got no farther than a mere statement, however poignant, of the intolerable wretchedness of the masses. Surely what we need today is not more evidence. The most despairing thing about this book is the author's complete lack of political orientation. It seems as if he himself has been, like his hero, morally crushed.

The translation, a heroic undertaking, is excellent. It is fresh, extraordinarily skilful, and resourceful. It does not, and could not, carry over the peculiar jerky, haunting rhythm of the French style, or its earthy flavor. The text has had to be toned down in spots. But I do not think many English readers will complain that it is too mild.

HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

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Lee and His Biographers

Robert E. Lee. A Biography. By Robert W. Winston. William Morrow and Company. $4.

BOOKS about Robert E. Lee are getting to be a habit, and the best thing one can say about this particular habit is that it is not a bad one. It has sobered Judge Winston, the author of the new life, almost out of recognition; one is eager to forget his previous works on Jefferson Davis and Andrew Johnson. An elevated subject was once considered the prime prerequisite of biography. Lee may be recommended to all writers who have trouble finding a subject worthy of respect. Yet on the whole the quality of respect is the crucial point; no writer hitherto has been able to combine reverence for Lee with a critical point of view. Of course, writers have criticized his military record. General Maurice, in "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier," set the example; and General J. F. C. Fuller, in a comparative study of the generalship of Lee and of Grant, gives the savior of the Union a little the better of the argument. But this is technical criticism. The abyss under every great, restrained, and disciplined character is the proper subject of high biography. If this be granted, Lee biography, in spite of the countless books, has not begun.

Judge Winston offers us few novelties, and these few are somewhere on the periphery of the subject. I can recall no book on Lee that tells us more about his early life, his young manhood, his deep attachment to his mother, the quality of his personality down to the Mexican War, than Judge Winston's; nor any book that tells it better. Lee's early friendship with Andrew Talcott, a brother-officer from Connecticut, is detailed for the first time; it lights up a period of his life that is usually represented as a monotonous preparation for Piety and Duty. The one feature of the early life that Judge Winston seems to miss is the influence of Lee's father, Light-Horse Harry, a fiery, quixotic soldier, a governor of Virginia, and in the end a failure. It was the failure, I think, that haunted Lee, who formed his own character in opposition to his father's career, out of pious loyalty to his memory.

Judge Winston reopens the question of Lee's resignation from the United States army and joining the Confederacy. Of course, he merely joined Virginia, or rather followed her; and one of the valuable features of this book is the detailed account of Lee's motives in going with his native State. Here, again, there is nothing new; in the background of the discussion there seems to linger the shadow of the dead issue, whether Lee was a "traitor," and it is significant that Winston revives the eulogy of Charles Francis Adams, who argued that Lee, appearances to the contrary, was the very type of loyal man.

The direction of this argument, that Lee seceded unwillingly, in loyalty to his native ties, comes out in the post bellum section of the book, when Lee is president of Washington College. Here once more there is nothing new: Judge Winston follows the generation of Grady, Lanier, and Harris, who were eager to show that Lee had been a Unionist all the time. Lee's exhortation to his former officers and to Southern citizens at large to accept the verdict of arms has been subjected, it seems to me, to gross misrepresentation. He urged the acceptance; but there is nothing to prove that he urged the building up of a social system in imitation of the North, which has been called the New South, but which, along with its exemplar, is now the deadest South of all. There is irony for those who want irony in this manipulating of Lee's lack of social and political imagination into a justification of an order that he had not the training to foresee, an order that he would have deeply disliked had he foreseen it. Lee was the greatest moral character of his age, or of any age in this country, but he was intellectually limited. He was a Christian of the orthodox kind, and his plea for forgiveness and reconciliation had a religious basis which two generations of non-Christian, sociologically minded writers have misunderstood. Lee's doctrine of reconciliation has been manhandled into political use as a liberal catchword. The unqualified respect that has been given to Lee's slightest opinion has not, perhaps, been altogether disinterested. Judge Winston renews the issues in one of the best books about Lee.

ALLEN TATE

Thirteen Years After

Rediscovering America. By Harold E. Stearns. Liveright Publishing Corporation. $2.

IN 1922 Harold Stearns edited an inquiry by thirty Americans into civilization in the United States, beginning and ending with the general conclusion that there was no such thing. Among the writers of this cantankerous, rousing symposium were most of the critics who helped to remake American opinion during the decade that followed. Mr. Stearns established himself, however, in Paris, and there became a legend, pointed out to visitors as the essential and eternal expatriate. It turns out that he was not eternal. He has come back to his native country and rediscovered it.

He is mellower and milder than when he left. "Perhaps that philosopher was right," he decides, "when he said that man was a home-loving animal. Certainly, I have done my best to disprove it and—thank God!—I haven't succeeded." "I have found that a real world exists after all—and that real world is my own country, from which I have been away far too long." He expects to feel now and then homesick for France and suspects that in the United States "there is no permanent abiding. Yet there is no abiding elsewhere. We can't help ourselves; and I know that my revolt has failed, as such revolts almost always fail."

The changed American thinks he finds a changed America. "The American young woman of today, like most young women in all ages and all countries, wants children." "I have been again and again impressed, during the months since my return home, with the existence of a new and better camaraderie between men and women." "Intellectually, I mean to say, we are beginning to grow up." "For notwithstanding certain superficial contradictions . . . in our United States, as in France, democratic feeling, the democratic point of view, are facts." "I haven't a record at hand, but I am certain that the number of art galleries and 'museums,' to stick to the old word, created in various American cities and towns since I was a boy would stagger any foreign observer—even if it is taken for granted by native American commentators, just as the number of our public libraries impresses every visiting Frenchman—while we regard them as quite in the nature of things." "The increasing good taste of native American architecture, even for manufacturing plants and purely commercial buildings as well as for churches, homes, museums, schools, public halls, is due, I believe, to frank marriage of function to design." "For our children, if not for us, there is *already* an 'American' literature—and a modern literature, too—with roots, tradition, notable figures, and all the other accompaniments of a self-conscious national literature." "That we have an American language of our own would not, I think, be denied by anyone who would take the trouble to look at the facts." "Religion, as such, is not being attacked in America—except in random, incidental, and rather haphazard fashion. It is being replaced by other and more compelling interests." "The crisis of *over*production . . . we can state in its most paradoxical form by saying when nobody eats, because there is too much food, and thousands are

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without shelter, because there are too many places in which to live." "The economic adventure of today is no longer buccaneering, it is sharing." "Despite the depression—from which we now seem to be emerging with spurts forward and little relapses back, but on the whole forward—we have, by and large, had such good luck with our social experiment and government that there is no deep and fundamental desire to change it, except, of course, in details." "The spreading out of ordinary comforts must, of course, be taken for granted—and I think we *can* take this spreading out for granted." "I am making a much more modest and much safer prediction, namely, that, whatever the external and mechanical changes, human nature will be approximately the same [in 1984] as it is now."

Mr. Stearns's discoveries will seem to the Americans who stayed at home possibly commonplace. Some of these things were true in 1922, although he then failed to see them. He needed thirteen years and a long exile to become aware of the obvious America. Well, a good many of his home-keeping compatriots have not realized it yet. It is only the mass of Americans who have been taking it for granted all along.

CARL VAN DOREN

Modern Logic

An Introduction to Logic and Scientific Method. By Morris R. Cohen and Ernest Nagel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THIS solid book is genuinely modern. Not only is it published in the current year, but for the first time, as far as I am aware, it unites in a textbook the revisions and additions of competent thinkers in the logical field with an exposition of the traditional Aristotelian logic and with an effective critical restatement of the traditional "inductive" logic of Mill. The task of bringing about such a union within the compass of a textbook is extraordinarily difficult; given the theoretical standpoint of the authors, it has been admirably accomplished.

After an introductory chapter in which the nature of formal logic and its distinction from scientific method as inquiry into material fact and truth are set forth, there are four chapters that expound the substance of traditional formal logic, though even here the student is introduced to the more recently developed symbols for conveying logical relations. The illustrative material, drawn from both literary and scientific sources, is apt and fresh. The next four chapters of this part are devoted to the modern logic of relations, beginning with a clear exposition of the concept of types of order and generalized mathematical relations, with the calculus of classes and propositions. The general reader who wishes to keep up with recent tendencies will find the next chapter on the nature of a logical or mathematical system of peculiar interest. It contains the modern restatement of the nature of axioms in opposition to the old view that they are self-evident truths, and gives in short space an introduction to the conception of mathematics as a generalized science of relations as distinct from the conventional notion that it is the science of quantity and number only. Then comes an effective chapter on the theory of probability, which holds to the frequency theory first stated clearly by C. S. Peirce, while the strictly formal part closes with a general discussion of criticisms that have been directed against formal logic, and a discussion of the relation of logical forms to existence as their basis.

The second and larger part of the book is devoted to what is called Applied Logic, namely, scientific method devoted to establishing the material truth or falsity of propositions as distinct from the relation of implication that holds between them whether they are true or not. The discussion is so complete and thorough that it is unnecessary to give a list of topics dealt with. I should like, however, to call attention to the fine treatment of hypothesis and the demonstration that the efficacy of Mill's canons of induction depends upon the presence of a working hypothesis and is of value for purposes of eliminating unsound hypotheses. Moreover, "scientific method" is not taken narrowly, and there is a discussion not merely of statistics but of methods in history, morals, and aesthetics.

I have already said that given the theoretical standpoint of the authors it is difficult to conceive of an extremely difficult task being better performed. There is perhaps a danger that the very scope and richness of the treatment will damage the book's availability as a text. Possibly those who will get the most from it will be those who pass lightly over the chapters that restate traditional formal logic and concentrate upon the matter relative to the logic of mathematics and scientific inquiry. However, it is encouraging to see a logical text which neither rehashes old stuff nor feeds diluted intellectual pap.

Extended criticism of the intellectual basis of the authors is hardly in place in this review, and what I shall say must therefore be taken as a statement of the preference or, if you please, prejudice of the writer. I can only wish that the authors had seen fit to start with the problem of scientific inquiry and, making that central, had gone on to treat the logic of the relation of implication to propositions as a subordinate although indispensable part of the larger inquiry. They would then have got rid of the dualism between "pure" and "applied" logic and between "formal" and "material" truth, as well as the underlying dualism of theory and practice. They would also have avoided some ambiguities and inconsistencies that are involved in their present treatment, such as, for example, wavering between "significance" and "truth" as criteria for defining a proposition, the view of symbols as merely means of conveying propositions and as essential to them, and adherence on the one hand to the idea that formal logic is concerned merely with the realm of possibilities and on the other to the Aristotelian position that it is based upon actual existence.

JOHN DEWEY

Folk Miscellany

One-Smoke Stories. By Mary Austin. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

MRS. AUSTIN'S pleasant miscellany brings together well-remembered stories from many magazines. The majority are Indian tales of the Southwest, but there are many others: stories of a Mexican alcalde, of a wild shepherd of the Carrizal, of a California Chinatown, and of the governor's palace of the Presidio of Monterey. Even the tales about Indians range from the Micmacs to Navajo and Papagos.

Many of the stories are parables, the more effective that they are simple folk incidents told with no embellishment. Such is the story of the Micmac who asked the power to make people laugh and was sick of his bargain when he found he could do nothing else; and of the Indian who all his life wanted to see the Bear Spirit who gave supreme hunting powers, and saw him at last when, an old man with nothing left in life, he mourned the death of his only son.

The tales that tell of the mutual relations of Indians and whites are written with vigor and understanding. They do not present a brief. Some are records of good-fellowship and sympathy like A'wa Tseighe Comes Home from the War, others compact of bitterness at the treachery of civilization. In still others the laugh is turned boisterously against the whites, as in the story of the humorous competence of Papago Susie at the court proceedings when Shuler tried to take away the five children she had borne him. The relations of the Indians and the whites as they appear in Mrs. Austin's thumb-nail sketches are

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RUTH BENEDICT

Art

Life Crashes the Art Salons

FIVE thousand works by some fifteen hundred artists occupy the great crowded spaces of the RCA tower Forum Galleries just evacuated by the municipal art show. Laid end to end the Salons of America exhibit is also a Mile of American Art and an encouraging sight for the makers of canvas and brushes and chisels and paint. This is a no-jury show, like the Independents', and a lot of people who have little or nothing to do with studios and art schools felt the urge to express themselves publicly in it. What they brought makes a fine splash in the still pools of orthodox modern American art.

This show is alive. One can't describe the difference between it and the cream of the picked maestros except with that word. It is a vast, confused, insistent chaos; and its dominant subjects, intentions, and even styles are heresy to the dogmas that most modern artists bow to. It is full of tracts, chromos, fables, fairy tales, and sermons; it is rowdy, sentimental, shrill, angry, suicidal, and full of moral and political axes to grind. The unknown unprofessionals who dominate the show are not concerned with Pure Beauty and their individual vibrations to it. They all try to underscore some phase of American or modern life, some idea; they are asking questions or trying to answer them, and the joke on the orthodox is that these painters turn out works of individuality, while the maestros, presumably aiming at that, were nearly all found to be playing the same negative little tunes on the same frayed strings. They were alike not in the rhythmic way that an army or a chorus is one, but pretentiously, anarchically, like a crowd of women on Fifth Avenue all wearing the same exclusive hat.

The formula for self-expression which the non-professionals step over is in reality good for commercial purposes only. Its requirements—not to disturb, not to offend, not to raise the voice, not to be unpretty—are negative requirements that tend inevitably to produce mere clever "effects" and chic, pleasing nothingness. The amateurs at the Salons of America and the Independents do not fall into this fancy trap. They are trying to do with the trite, tired vehicles of the nineteenth century—the small oil, the print, the isolated figure—what robust people have always done in art; they are trying to communicate their thoughts and emotions. They lay hold of the things that happen every day in the United States, the things we all see, the things we hear and think about; they use the naive idioms of postcards, posters, magazine covers, calendars; and they break through, stumblingly, stutteringly, talking twentieth-century American in an odd primitive way.

Taking this show as a cross-section of popular feeling in 1934, one gets two impressions: first, that doom is upon us, and, second, that we are joyfully rediscovering the world and all the things alive in it. The doom pictures are nearly all religious jeremiads or Rockwell Kentian pictures of defeat, exhaustion, and despair. The others are childlike things concerned with animals, parades, big doings. One of the best, a St. Patrick's Day Parade by an Irishman named McCauley, is like a big, glittering Currier and Ives. When I saw it the French modernist Lurcat was trying to figure out how McCauley did it. Another amateur named Lawrence Lebduska, who is a workman,

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has a fine picture of two bulls fighting over a cow, and others named Success, Baseball, Science, Politics, Joe and His Friends, and The Dull Hills of Maryland. At the Independents' show Lebduska has an Ostrich Hunt which looks as if he got the idea from an old lithograph. The Mexican revolutionist Siqueiros is entranced with this one. There are many pictures about the depression and unemployment that are honest and intimate as talk, and a still life to end still lifes—three figures in pansy-decorated coffins.

The two shows are hopeful—and dismaying. A new, strident, tragic color-sense, a new precision and cleanness of form, a blunt vigor of ideas, an exuberant sensuality—all these things stir embryonically in them, but the artists have not yet discovered their powers, or found out what to do with them. Therefore they try to fit them into old forms, using old idioms, and they twist and struggle in distress and despair. They are thwarted by the same conflict that impedes all of us in whatever we do, for how can one make a new world of art until one has got life free of the old?

ANITA BRENNER

Drama

On the Barricades

WITH the second production of its career the Theater Union takes several steps forward. It is, as my readers probably know, an organization devoted to fostering the drama of radical propaganda, and its first effort, "Peace on Earth," enjoyed a considerable success without the benefit of my approval. But "Stevedore" (Civic Repertory Theater) is a play whose general effectiveness no one could attempt to deny and one to which all proponents of the play with a purpose may point with understandable enthusiasm. The subject is a race riot in Louisiana; the method is frank but skilful cumulative melodrama, and the whole reaches a really smashing climax in a thunderous scene "on the barricades." There are, to be sure, occasional and slightly intrusive efforts to expound the Marxian interpretation of these events. Indeed, there are even a few moments when the action is slowed up while some *raisonneur* explains it to an audience which would seem to be the last in the world in need of such explanation. But on the whole the piece is remarkably free from defects and for the most part it proceeds with a steadily growing tension on its exciting way.

If "Stevedore" is uncommonly effective both as melodrama and as propaganda, the reason probably is that it sticks with uncommon persistence to a single purpose—which is to inflame the passions of its audience and to sweep that audience forward on a wave of fighting hate. Most authors of such plays seem a little uncertain just what it is that they are trying to do. They explain a little, they debate a little, and they plead a little. The result is usually as dispiriting as a protest meeting and gets just about as far. But those responsible for "Stevedore" have adopted a different method. They have assumed—safely enough—that the audience knows the arguments already and that its sympathy is with them. Their business, like the business of any mob leaders, is to get the crowd going somewhere, and "Stevedore" becomes an incitement to riot of the very first order. The spectator at "Peace on Earth" might reasonably be expected to emerge from the theater and join an organization for the promotion of something or other. The spectator at "They Shall Not Die" probably felt like writing a letter to the *Times* about Conditions in Georgia. But a goodly percentage of those who saw "Stevedore" were probably ready to seize the nearest club and crack somebody over the head. Most books and plays of-

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fered as proof that "art is a weapon" remind me of wooden swords, but this particular work is really a bomb—home-made perhaps but full of powder and quite capable of going off. Such a contraption may seem a bit odd in the hands of an organization which was so recently pleading for peace on earth, but it is not the first to conclude that a good deal ought to be blown up before we settle down to living in brotherly love with the survivors—if any.

Another reason why "Stevedore" succeeds in generating a fighting mood is that its victims of white injustice are not, like those in most such plays, merely victims. The central character is a huge Negro with firm ideas about the necessity of the class struggle and a gift for converting his more timorous fellows. When the mob bent on burning the settlement and hanging its inhabitants finally arrives, it finds a barricade erected and the preacher who had talked submission put in his place. Moreover, and when things look their worst, who should arrive, throwing bricks and demonstrating class solidarity, but a group of white workers from the union headquarters. Those of us who have been brought up on melodrama may be reminded faintly of the old days when the marines used to get there at the last moment, but even we will not deny that the device has its uses or that we are glad to see—for once—a play about social justice in which the innocent don't get the worst of it, at least until after the curtain has descended. Perhaps I should add that "Stevedore" is good enough to make such peaceable fellows as I shake in our boots. Personally I should not be much surprised to hear any night that the infuriated audience had rushed out on to Fourteenth Street and lynched a white man just on general principles. That would be a change if not, necessarily, an improvement.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

The Marquis de Villa

FOR movement, for lavishness of action and background, for everything that we usually mean by scale, there has been no picture this season to compare with "Viva Villa" (Criterion). Belonging to the class of "super-spectacle" like "The Birth of a Nation" and "Cavalcade," it illustrates the almost irresistible persuasiveness of such films; for it is no easy matter for the intelligence to hold out against their vigorously sustained assault on the eye and the ear. Perhaps no greater tribute can be paid to the screen as a medium than to say that when its resources are fully employed, as they are in such a film as this, it is capable of inducing that "willing suspension of disbelief" which Coleridge said was the power of great poetry. For the spectator who believes that in the theater checking one's intelligence along with one's hat is not a good thing, however, such persuasiveness will merely serve to put him more on his guard. While responding to the robust charm of Wallace Beery's personality, for example, he will not permit himself to be completely seduced by it; and while being assailed by the teeming images of sound and shape, he will try bravely to keep intact some sense of intellectual responsibility.

The producers tell us that "Viva Villa" is fiction woven out of the stuff of history, or something to the same effect, and it is therefore perhaps unwarranted to complain that as usual Hollywood improves on reality to the interests of both national innocence and box-office health. You learn from this film that what made Villa a bandit, what supplied the childhood trauma in his case, was the sight of his father being flogged to death for having dared to protest against the appropriation of the peons' land by the Diaz Government. Villa is represented as a kind

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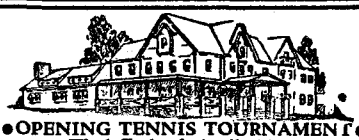

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of champion of the under-dog, a Mexican Robin Hood, carrying on bloodthirsty raids against the haciendados, demanding two of their number for every peon whom they kill or mistreat. Much is made (rather more, one suspects, than is justified by historical fact) of his almost sheep-dog devotion to the diminutive and Christ-like Madero, with whom he joins forces and whom he helps to the ambiguous honors of the Mexican presidency. While Madero is being conspired against by his disloyal reactionary generals, Villa is shown languishing in exile, a little Napoleon in an El Paso rooming-house; but after the assassination of his beloved master, he immediately crosses the border, bands together a horde of former followers and betrayed peons, and in very short order arrives in Mexico City as dictator. A good deal of ominous comedy is got out of his attempt to pass off bales of inflated currency; and the essential nobility of his motives is brought out through his immediate enactment of Madero's law for restoring the land to the peons.

"Viva Villa" is folk-expression, or about as near to folk-expression as Hollywood is capable of attaining at present; and to object to its simplifications, to its insouciance of the more realistic forces behind the emergence of such a romantic desperado in the years before the Great War, is perhaps to take the film more seriously than it deserves. But there is nevertheless something very discouraging in the thought of the complacency with which American audiences will drink in all this blood and terror as if they had nothing at all to do with American imperialistic expansion: the Stars and Stripes are conspicuously absent in this reenactment of a drama in which they were once so prominent. Another and hardly less disturbing aspect of the film is its undisguised sadism. One uses the word in its strictest sense and not as a synonym for cruelty or violence: the Marquis de Sade stalks through this picture in sombrero and seven-league boots. Naturally, with such a hero, one allows for a richly varied fare of murder, rape, and torture; but, quite distinct from these, one can point to at least one clean-cut example of the vice in its purest form. In one of the haciendas, Villa encounters difficulties with a young Spanish woman of high degree; she actually manages to shoot him; and when he forces her to tie his bandage she makes him scream with pain. Of course Mr. Beery gives her a brutal blow on the mouth; but what is significant is her smiling rejoinder, "Now I know why my people received so much pleasure . . ." It is possible that this audacity is traceable to the influence of Eisenstein's Mexican film, which has also served as a model for the photography. But close observers of the Hollywood cinema in recent years will recognize the culmination of a tendency that perhaps began with the gangster films and the urban idyls of James Cagney. Now at last it is evident that, whether the censors realize it or not, Hollywood itself knows quite clearly what well-known French nobleman of the eighteenth century it has recruited for its ranks.

WILLIAM TROY

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